JOHN BULL, JANUARY 22, 1938

VOL. LXIII, 1649.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

THE WINE OF LIFE *would change all that . . .*

To put an end to those bickerings when your eyes get moist and your husband doesn't notice . . . take Wincarnis. Reviving Wincarnis . . . to put an end to those evenings when there seems nothing to do but turn on the radio. Strengthening Wincarnis . . . to put an end to the feeling that it doesn't matter about that missing button on your blouse. Rich, red, restoring Wincarnis, the tonic wine with nourishment and vitality in it, and active vitamins . . . to make your lips red without lipstick, and your eyes bright without tears, and you and your husband lovers again. *Wincarnis, the wine of life!*

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EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 27

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- WITH THE NEW ADAMS QUARTO PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

Guaranteed New Heavy-duty Quarto machine! YOU—even without a penny—can own it on these amazing terms. Send at once for Free Book, "Pounds From Print," together with particulars, easy terms and examples of work.

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The actual size Double type frame of this New Adams is no less than 9½ x 7½ in.

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L.	W.	Cash	Dep.	12 Fts.
6	6	77/6	5/-	7/-
10	7	115/6	7/-	10/6
14	8	157/6	10/6	14/6

CATALOGUE "GH"

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L.	W.	Cash	Dep.	12 Fts.
8	6	77/6	5/-	7/-
10	7	115/6	7/-	10/6
14	8	157/6	10/6	14/11

CATALOGUE "GS"

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Size	L.	W.	Cash	Dep.	12 Fts.
Free Lorry Delivery	4	3	39/-	3/-	3/6
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	10	7	99/-	7/-	7/7

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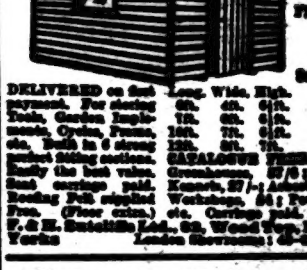

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6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£3 10 0	3/8
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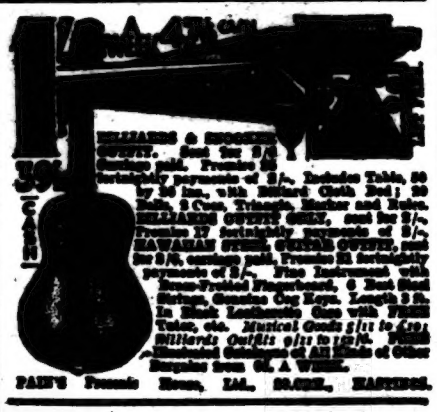

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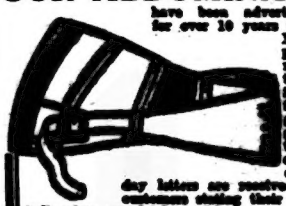

12/6 for sizes 26-42 ins. Postage 4d.

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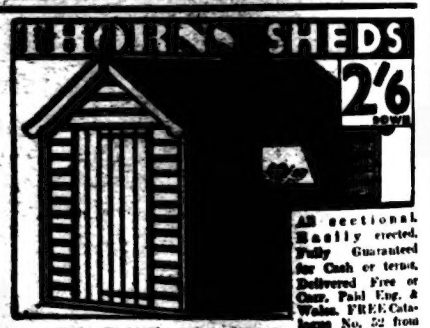

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Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash or Down	6 Monthly
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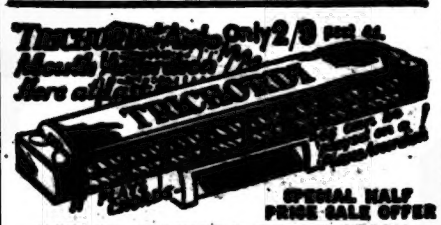

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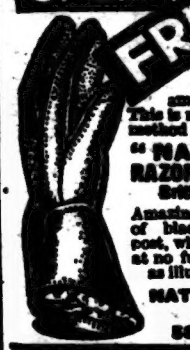

A pair of gauntlets for you. YES, every reader without exception will receive the above amazing offer absolutely gratis. This is not a competition, but a modern method of introducing our famous "NATIONAL" 3-HOLE RAZOR BLADES at 12 for 1/3 British and Best.

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£35 in Cash Prizes FREE! For Best Last Line to Limerick on page 27.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE offer a first prize of £15 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 27. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, January 28th, 1938. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

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Bonelli, Stelloni, Victoria, Pancotti, Hohner, Crucianelli, Paolo Soprani, etc., used and recommended by Band Leaders all over the country. Here we offer a very wonderful Bargain, £4 4.0 MODEL FOR 42/-. Real Piano Accordions at specially reduced prices. By STELDENI. Piano-finished cabinet, tonal reeds, metal-bound bellows, triple chord action. Complete with shoulder strap, 21 piano keys, 8 basses. Cash price 42/-, or sent on receipt of 2/- First Instalment, Balance payable 4/- mthly. until 45/- paid. Elaborate Tutor supplied. Also Superior De Luxe Model at 55/6, same terms. Write for fully illus. list of models with 25 keys, 12 bass; 25 keys, 24 bass; 34 keys, 48 bass; 41 keys, 120 bass, etc., on equally attractive terms. The remarkable Low Terms for Hthly. Payments ensure Immediate possession of these fine instruments. Write for fully illus. List of Piano Accordions and other Musical Instruments, post free.

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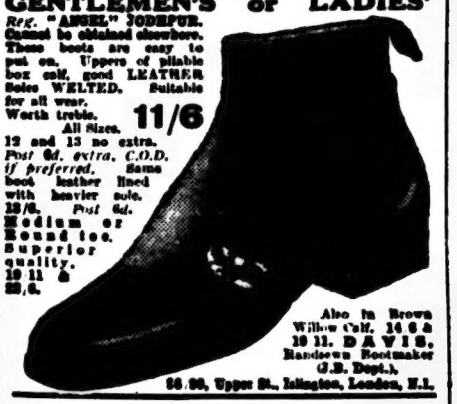

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Gorgeous PIANO-ACCORDION effects produced with this ACCORDION-HARP HARMONICA—twice the tonal quality and volume of ordinary mouth-organ. Its harmonious chords and rich powerful bass and treble notes, like a mighty organ, give endless pleasure. Surprisingly easy to play—Highly polished spacious tonal chamber bound handsome nacreous mother-of-pearl with plated fittings.

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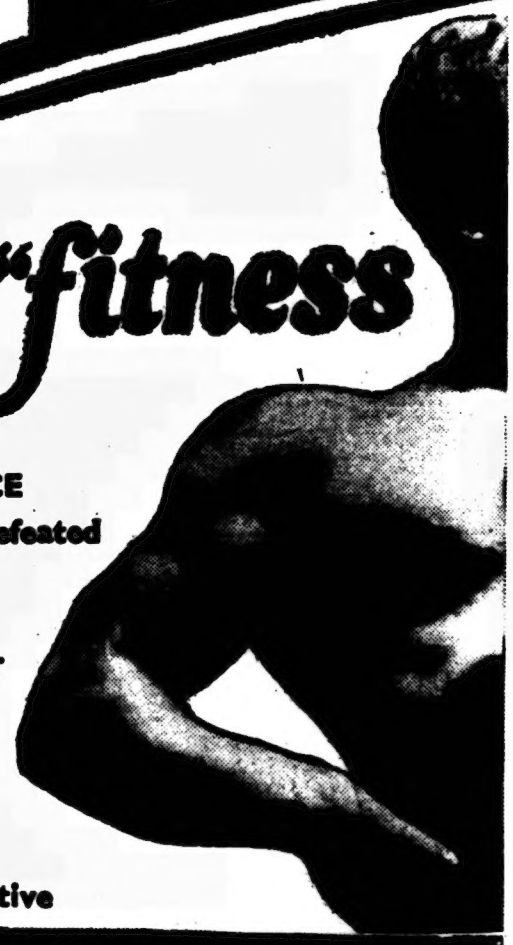

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"Enrol for my 'WORLD-BEATER' course," he says, "complete the 8 lessons, and if, at the end of that period you are not completely satisfied that you have reached 'Supermanity,' I WILL CONTINUE TO TRAIN YOU AND SUPPLY APPARATUS—WITHOUT ANY CHARGE WHATSOEVER—UNTIL YOU ARE FULLY SATISFIED."

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★ Inferiority Complex

and is indeed the ideal way in which to be rid of these and many other common but troublesome ailments.

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by postal pupils in relation to each pupil's original measurements on joining. Thus, all have a fair and equal chance. ★The Judges under this offer are Editor of "Health and Strength," Geo. Walsh, and Frank Miles, the well-known physical culture authorities.

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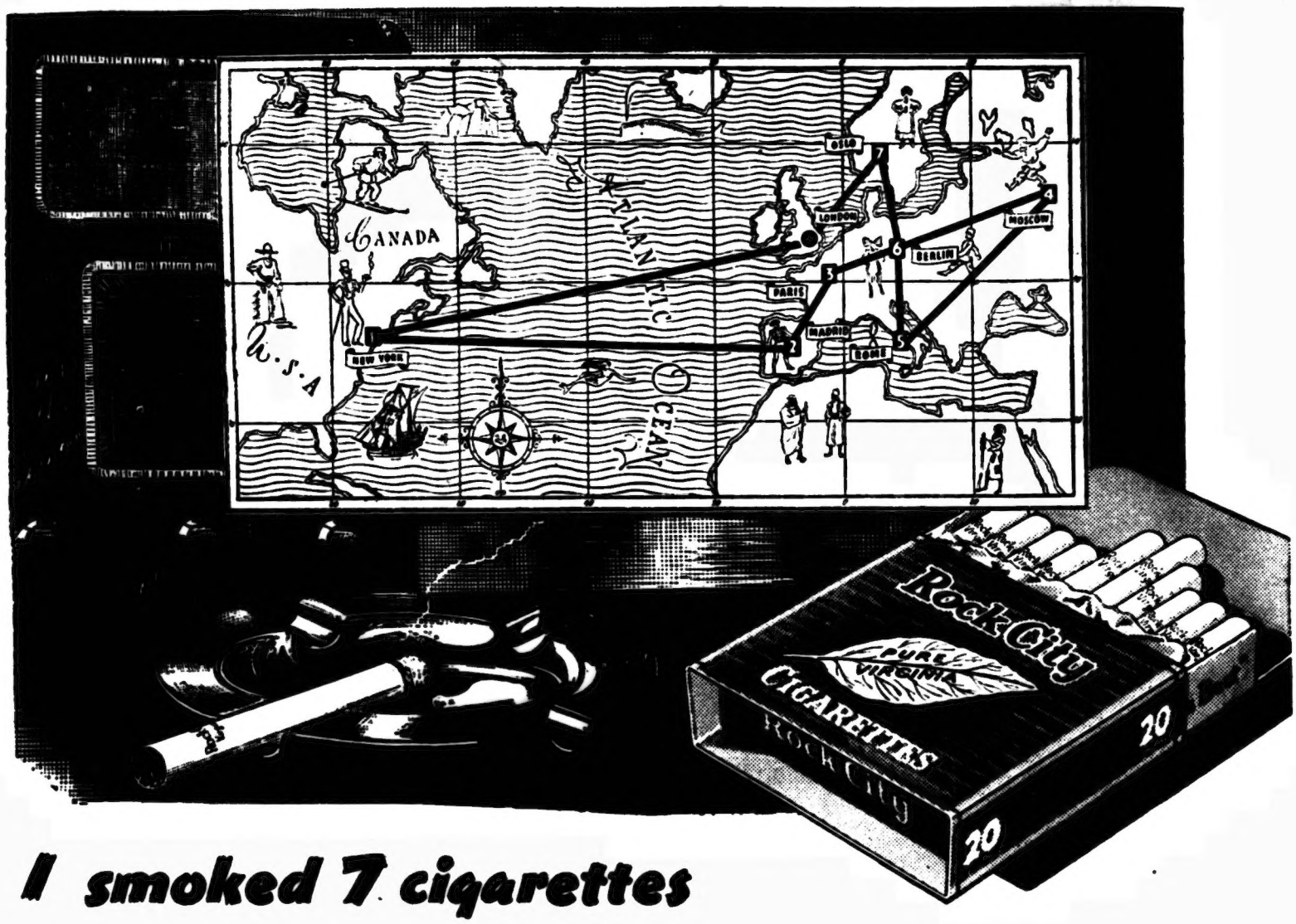

I smoked 7 cigarettes

while listening to the radio...

"I gave my radio a real test—tuned in to stations all over the world. But as the pleasure of listening is never complete for me unless I am smoking, and as I had run out of cigarettes, my wife gave me a packet of her own—your new brand, Rock City. I was not keen on smoking a brand I didn't know, but these Rock City cigarettes appealed to me well enough to smoke seven right off the reel! I thought you'd like to know this—also that I intend to stick to Rock City in future. They are first class."

Original of this and many other letters can be seen at Carreras' offices.

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Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 22, 1938.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

WE have often attacked Public Assistance Committee harshness. This week we use the word ghoulishness.

How else can we describe officialdom that won't even leave a man in peace on his sick-bed, sees in the possibility of his dying some hope of getting its money back?

That is happening daily.

P.A.C. Ghouls

Search the pages of Dickens for a worse case than this:

An invalid living in south-east London had a form put into his hands.

He was invited to append his signature, and so sign away to the authorities, in return for public assistance received, the moneys that would become due from his Friendly Society on his death.

"Provision" Significance

This is what he tells us from his sick-bed:

"I made, as I thought, comfortable provision for my wife.

"Now I am told that if I sign this form the authorities will provide for my family until such time as my wife can find suitable work."

Naturally, a bed-bound invalid wonders whether that "provision" will be the workhouse!

Hate the Limelight

Unfortunately, the authorities have the law on their side in taking such action.

The particular clause of the particular Act concerned gives them incredibly wide powers to reimburse themselves.

But to quote a T.U.C. official who told us of many similar cases: "Few Public Assistance Committees dared to use their full powers while the entire glare of public opinion was upon them."

Status of Rogue

We are glad to announce that that glare *is* to be turned on once more.

In the next few days a deputation is going to point out to the Minister of Labour that antiquated laws give any man receiving public assistance the status of a rogue and vagabond.

Even on his sick-bed.

Gas-Mask Degrees

On the subject of status, special constables who have handled their new gas-masks are telling their wives and families: "Your mask won't be nearly as strong as mine. Perhaps they don't think so much of you."

True, in a way, as our enquiries of the Home Office show.

Civilians' Safety!

We are told: "What we call the Civilian mask will have to suffice only while you reach a place of safety. The Civilian Duty type is for people who will have to work in the fumes.

"There is an even stronger type, the General Service mask, for men who will have to fight in the fumes."

Which makes us wonder (1) what will happen to civilians who stay searching for loved ones, and (2) where are the "places of safety?"

Employees Hesitate

Meanwhile, mayors, aldermen and councillors are exhorting council employees to join the Air-Raid Precaution Services.

The medical officers of health wait to examine them.

But as some councils "fire" men for surprisingly small infirmities, and some M.O.H.s are over-particular, there is a great deal of very understandable hanging back.

P.A.C. Ghouls Pursue the Sick Civilians' Flimsy Gas-Masks Agriculture Ministry Dozes

P.O. Two-Job Policy

We would certainly welcome some hanging back on the part of men with jobs who have read the following:

> Vacancies exist for male part-time telephonists. Men having day-time employment preferred. Hours range from 7 to 8 a.m., 6 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. — Apply, Head Postmaster, Horsham.

To its shame, the Post Office is encouraging the one-man-two-jobs fraternity everywhere.

Poor Land Workers!

The Government certainly goes on encouraging the land-owning squires.

Increased demand for land for investment is explained thus: "Improvement in agricultural conditions, the de-rating of land and farm buildings, and the redemption of tithes, must lead to a steady rise in the value of land."

Any good asking for a little encouragement for the land workers?

In Blunderland

A number of local government employees have been told that they cannot qualify for pension under the new Act of 1937 because the old Act of 1922 was supposed to provide for them.

Unfortunately, the 1922 Act didn't provide for them either, which leaves them wondering whether it's a mad world they're living in.

Sleepy Ministry

There are certainly distinct traces of a Mad Hatter at work in the Ministry of Agriculture.

A scheme put forward by food canners has been turned down and firms offering to set up bacon factories rebuffed. Potato acreage is still restricted and milk production falling.

Anybody would think a "back to the cities" campaign was in progress.

Mr. Morrison's Aim

Actually Mr. Morrison, the Minister of Agriculture, plans to revive that unwanted brat, the Bacon Marketing Scheme.

He wants to see bacon wholesaled in three grades—at three different prices.

But when you go to buy it you will hunt in vain for three different prices.

Useless Grades

How do we know? Because North of Ireland bacon is already wholesaled in that way, and if you were to ask for grade C Irish bacon at price C at shops in Ireland or England you would be doomed to disappointment.

And because national mark schemes and grading schemes generally have had no effect whatsoever in correlating price with quality.

Chance for Mothers

Hardly a town in the country will not be visited by Board of Education speakers in the next few months—the President, Lord Stanhope, among them.

Parents are going to be urged to show a keener interest in school health services, particularly the milk scheme.

We hope the mothers will ask a few pointed questions.

Where the Kids Suffer

First is the fact that in the poorest districts four children have to go without free milk for every one that gets it. Obviously, the poorer an authority the less generous it can be.

For the same reason, the coldest schoolrooms are found in places where children wear the thinnest clothes.

Then there is the allowance for school equipment—one penny per child per week.

Precious Pennies

In some parts children have to take pennies along to help pay for gym. apparatus. They are even asked to contribute to the cost of their own books and pencils.

Let the mothers tell how hard it is to find those pennies, what home sacrifices are called for—and how heartbroken a child is if it can't take the precious coins along like other children.

Not Likely!

We don't suppose any of the meetings will be held in the slum schools we have described repeatedly in such frightening detail.

Growing Rates Peril

A leading official of the ratepayers' movement told us the other day that growing rates would lose the Government the next election.

He was thinking of the drive for higher assessments on houses being bought through building societies.

Now the owner-occupiers on many new estates have learned their fate. Rates will go up by 5 to 40 per cent., and that, for many, means they must go back to rooms.

"Mistake"!

The explanation is one which, quite frankly, won't wash at all.

It is to the effect that assessments on such property have never been properly computed—that, through a mistake, such owner-occupiers have been paying too little.

What a mistake, to delude thousands of thrifty, hard-working people into paying heavy cash deposits on houses which will now prove beyond their means!

Swift "Justice"

"At least we can look for mercy, if we explain our difficulties," some think.

Poor devils, they little realise that rate-gathering machinery tends more and more to make explanations or appeals impossible.

Many authorities don't even send a "final" demand note, just advertise that proceedings will be begun against so many thousand people in so many days. The thousands of summonses are issued *en bloc*. And "justice" is as swift.

Modernise Fire-fighting!

Even the Home Office is thinking in terms of speed at the moment. It is examining plans of four different types of aerial fire-engines.

First, it should give us the national fire-fighting service we have pressed for.

We don't want flying fire-brigades that turn back to their hangar-stations because the fire is not in their district—which is typical of so many of our brigades.

State Aerodromes

And when is the Government going to do something about giving civil aviation the aerodromes it needs?

All too many of the delegates to the Aerodrome Owners' Association, which meets in London this week, are private owners.

"All too many" because the State will have to own the aerodromes one day—and might as well make a start.

Your Last Chance

THE response to JOHN BULL'S wonderful Free Gift to its readers of the £4 4s. 0d. Twelve-Volume "Practical Home Library" has reached such tremendous numbers—easily a world record—that no further Reservation Forms will be published. As a special concession, so that every reader who has not yet applied may have an opportunity to do so, JOHN BULL is extending the closing date of this great offer. All applications on the forms which appeared in last week's issue must be sent in to reach JOHN BULL by *not later than first post on Tuesday next, January 25.*

If you have not already applied, here is your last chance to secure a library that is indispensable to every home.

This world's latest and greatest Home Library has been acclaimed by readers to represent the most far-reaching and valuable Service from a paper to its readers ever conceived.

The Twelve Volumes contain nearly 4,000 pages, 1,500,000 words, 2,000 illustrations and form a vast store-house of practical information on "everything under the sun."

Don't miss this unique Library—*yours absolutely Free and Post Free.* Complete last week's forms and post them without delay!

★ **Special this week**

Readers send their own illustrations for their own page.

Town of the future—see letter below

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Magic Oil

Can anybody explain how a bottle of machine oil, with which I was going to oil my sewing machine, should fly across my kitchen—as per rough sketch attached—with such force that it should break an uncracked wash-basin?—Spooks, Glencairn Road, Stanley, Liverpool, 13.

We sought explanation of oil firms, chemists, and others: are still baffled.

Deadly Doctor

I was interested in JOHN BULL'S article on bogus doctors, because of a doctor my wife and I met in a merchantman on which we travelled to America.

Asked for a sedative, he tendered iodoform. Told iodoform was for sores, he asked us to make our own choice from the dispensary!—Henry Cole, Bonlea, Glen Road, Hollington, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Mercantile Marine Service Association point out that only ships with more than 50 people travelling steerage, or with 300 souls on board, need employ a qualified doctor.

Fine Logic

Nowhere will you find more eighty- and ninety-year-olds than in a picturesque row of old cottages I often visit, and which are scheduled for demolition as unhealthy and unsound.—L. R., Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

But it proves nothing. Old people abound in worst city slums: are few and far between on new housing estates. A medical officer said of one atrocious slum: "Anybody strong enough to survive babyhood in such a place should live to be a hundred."

Follow the Heather

The Yorkshire moors have claimed another victim—a young rambler. Wiseacres in those blizzard-swept places say heather always bends against the south-westerly wind—the prevailing wind.

But I think it is dangerous to base all calculations on that. The only advantage of studying the heather is that it saves you from walking round and round in circles.—R. P. Roberts, 5, St. Hilda's Road, Northenden.

Another good tip: Carry the shrillest whistle you can buy. If anything can be heard over the shrieking wind, a good whistle can. Better: Keep off moors unless weather can be relied on.

On Making Comparisons

I write as a housewife. Why don't people go back to the year before the depression—say, 1928—when they compare food prices? They will then find that the majority of the most important foodstuffs are cheaper.—Mrs. Annie Fox, 65, Coldcote Avenue, Leeds.

Most people reason: "Has the policy of such-and-such a Government increased prices? If so, did its candidates tell us it was going to increase prices when they sought our votes?" That's the fairest way, surely.

Blaming the Scissors

I signed an agreement with the Ministry of Labour to learn hairdressing at a training centre.

But now, to my distress, I have been turned down because I am left-handed. All because scissors are only made for right-handed people.—B. Shepherd, aged twenty-four, 11, Norely Avenue, Sunderland, Co. Durham.

Left-handed men often make clever hairdressers, but need a longer course of tuition.

"If You See It——"

I chuckled to myself when a man called at my door to exact my valuable shillings for sheer rubbish. I had just read about the trick in JOHN BULL.

Then my husband entered with the rubbish in his hands—a present for me! The gang had caught him on his way home.—Mrs. B. A. Green, 48, Gipsy Road, West Norwood, London, S.E.27.

In other words, a "John Bull" warning is worth passing on.

P.C.'s Mistake

Never share the cost of a taxicab.

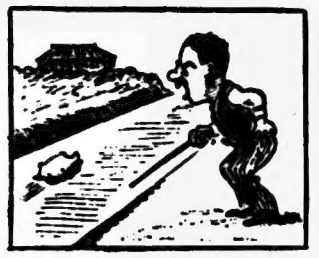
When three of us, who went to an out-of-town dance recently, were paying one-third each, a policeman informed me that he would have been within his rights in arresting us all for an illegal act.—David Bell, 22, Colinslee Crescent, Paisley, Scotland.

P.C. was wrong, say Transport Workers' Union. Share the bill as often as you like, as long as taxi-driver is not party to arrangement.

Duty

Our postman slipped, injured his head. He tried to ring up for a relief, but couldn't remember how to use a 'phone. He walked nine miles, passed a post-office without knowing it, handed his bag over to a postman with the words "I am ill," and was put to bed delirious, to keep raving "Only a postman must have my bag."—T. W. M., Bishop Street, Rochdale.

Primary rule is that postman must never hand bag over to unauthorised person. What a wonderful sense of duty made your postman remember this to the exclusion of everything!



Peep into Future

I have just told the representative of the neighbouring electrical undertaking that they can't run their cables over our house.

He says they can "get powers" to take them over anybody's house. That has led me in my depression to make the attached sketch of our village as it might be in a few years' time.—E. R. B., 61, John Street, Moor Row, Cumberland.

Any authority seeking compulsory powers has to show that such powers are necessary for public well-being. Our reader has taken "artist's" licence." (See above.)

Prosperous "Calling"

A beggar called at our door. So sad was his tale that we invited him to share our frugal meal.

That night we saw him again—in the circle of the theatre, dressed to kill, and escorting a beautifully-dressed girl.—A. Sinclair, 68, Anderston Street, Partick, Glasgow.

One London pavement artist, well known to police and often convicted, lives in sumptuous West End flat.

Hard on Beetle

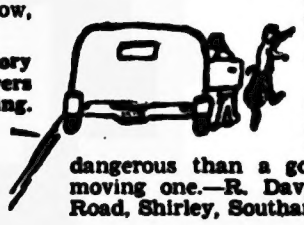
My friend drew my attention to a dead mole moving down the garden path on its back.

We found a huge beetle underneath it—apparently supplying the tractive effort.—Jas. McKay, West Longrigg Cottage, Longriggend, Lanarkshire, N.B.

Beetle did not kill mole, had no use for carcase, was merely trying to escape from crushing load.

Door Disasters

I have just had my second cycling accident, which I have sketched. Both were due to motorists who flung their car doors open suddenly as I was overtaking them.



My experience is that a fool in a stationary car can be far more dangerous than a good driver in a moving one.—R. Davy, 30, Keysham Road, Shirley, Southampton.

This causes majority of minor accidents involving cars and cycles.

Cluck—Bk!—Cluck

If I were a cleverer hand at sketching, I could let you see better how drunk my poultry were after I had thrown out to them some raisins I had put in my rhubarb wine in an effort to clear it.—Mrs. A. Burton, 2, Long Causeway, Stanley Lane End, nr. Wakefield.

Mrs. Burton says several fell down, but she finds it too trying to picture whole panorama.

His Idea

I have got my son Kenneth, aged eighteen, to illustrate this true story of a boy I know.

Told that the spirit is contained *within* the body, he came back from the shop to which he had been sent to collect a rabbit with the skinned carcase in his hands and the explanation: "Look, mother, the man has hung its body on a hook and sent you the soul."—P. W. Reid, 385, Bolton Road, Irlams o' th' Height, Salford.

Most children who delight with funny sayings are victims of incomplete explanations.

Man v. Cow

My friend was fishing in one field and I in another when I heard a shout.

I found him pushing the hindquarters of a placid cow that was half on one side of a fence and half on the other.

We became almost hysterical about

our joint efforts to put both halves into one field.—Charles Sansom, 3, Garibaldi Street, Small Heath, Birmingham.

Height of struggle is illustrated by Mr. Sansom.

Twins as Rarity

My pride in becoming the father of twins the other day was increased when I was told, first by the hospital where they were born, then by the nurse, and finally by the registrar who registered them, that they were the first twins they had had to deal with.—G. R., Kildonan Station, Sutherland.

One birth per hundred yields twins, one per 10,000 triplets. When Fulham Labour Council's new maternity hospital opened two months ago, first birth was of twins.

The Inquisitive

Every ambulance should carry a hospital collecting-box, which should be passed among inquisitive folk who congregate round any accident.

If they give, all to the good. If they run away from the collection—well, all to the good again.—P. W. Phillips, 41, Scotland Road, Melksham, Wilts.

Official of London's ambulance service comments: "Would probably sound a good idea to anybody unconnected with ambulance work. Actually, the one person who matters when the ambulance arrives is the victim."

Grid Riddle

My job as agent for a firm making agricultural machinery takes me to lonely farms. I am appalled how often villages are denied electricity although cables of the grid may pass by.

What madness to throw away custom for cost of a few feet of cable!—D. T., Burgh Heath, near Epsom.

Central Electricity Board comments: "Might as well ask that arterial roads be taken to threshold of every village near, regardless of cost. Anyhow, there isn't a village of more than 500 inhabitants in grid area unserved by electricity."

●

As a reader

of JOHN BULL you are invited to contribute to this page. 10s. 6d. is paid for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. for a photograph or drawing illustrating the story.

You may write upon absolutely any subject you wish.

But, whatever the subject, please keep your letters brief.

Mark your envelope "Voice of the People," and address to JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

And there are many other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you. . . .

A. G. Gardiner ..... Page 13
Sir Wyndham Childs .... Page 14
Greatest of These— ..... Page 26
Human Documents ..... Page 26
True Stories ..... Page 34

If I had my say—by Wickham Steed

the former editor of "The Times," who is one of the greatest living authorities on foreign affairs, addresses an imaginary world audience on matters of moment to all at the present time.

Calling all Nations!

TEN minutes' uncensored broadcast! The whole world agog to hear my wisdom, or my folly. What should I say?

I should begin by speaking plainly to my own people. Unless a man can see the beam in his own nation's eye, he has no right to talk to other nations. My own people can stand straight talk—but get far too little of it.

To them I would say: We have not cut a good figure in the world of late. We preached peace and disarmament; and when other nations asked us: "If we disarm and are attacked, will you help us?" we answered: "Wait and see!"

Then, when others were attacked, we did little or nothing for them. We said we believed in the League of Nations—our Government says it still—yet we allowed Japan (a member of the League) to attack China (another member of the League) with impunity in 1931, and to seize a Chinese province, while we sent a British Industrial Mission to tout for trade with Japan.

In 1935 we grew excited when Italy (a member of the League) invaded Abyssinia (another member of the League). We called Italy bad names and urged the League to punish her.

Must we Fight?

Behind our backs our Ministers tried to buy Italy off with half her victim's territory. We revolted against them. A Minister was sacked—and was promptly given another job. Italy took all Abyssinia, made ugly faces at us—and we looked the other way.

This was one result of what we called "setting a good example" by cutting down our armed forces, and telling our friends to disarm, though we knew that Germany, Japan and other countries were piling up armaments.

When Germany told us she was much stronger than we imagined, and broke all her promises to us and others, we said: "How naughty!" Then we patted her on the back and made a naval agreement with her.

Quite lately we sent one of our Ministers to hobnob with her ruler so as to find out how much she would like us to give her, or to let her take from others, if she would promise to behave well in future and leave us in peace.

She asked so much that our Ministers were staggered. They have not told us so, because they think we might be angry or frightened. But foreigners know all about it.

Because we were afraid to stop Japan, with the help of the United States, in 1931 and 1932, Japan is now trying to conquer the whole of China. She is killing our trade with China (on which many British workmen depend), she has shot at our warships, she has beaten our policemen and has blackened our face in the Far East where good "face" counts.

We protest: she apologises diplomatically and begins again publicly and impenitently. Germany and Italy are in league with her. Other nations wonder how long we are going to stand this sort of thing.

So, in their eyes, we do not cut a pretty figure. They begin to think us fat and lazy, well past our prime.

Except in the United States, whose people would not like to see us quite down and out; in France, who wants us to be strong and ready to help her in case of need; and in Czecho-Slovakia and one or two other of the smaller European countries, which still hope that we care for their and our freedom, nobody in the world thinks well of us, or would be sorry to see us "take a knock."

We know that we are not quite the poltroons some foreigners think us. We feel sure they are mistaken, that they will find out their mistake some day. But have we thought what it may cost us to make them see their mistake? Unless we are wise it may cost us another Great War. A good policy now would be cheaper.

What would be a good policy? We are spending a lot of money in a hurry, and are paying heavy taxes, to strengthen armaments which we ought never to have cut down below safety level, especially if we meant to back up the League of Nations.

But the world does not yet know what our new armaments are for. A good part of it wants to know whether they are only meant to ward off attack upon ourselves, and to let our friends go hang while they are smashed and we are isolated, or whether they are meant to defend our most vital interests.

A good policy ought to be based on our vital interests. What are they?

They are to keep this country and the British Commonwealth safe from attack now and in future; to protect our trade, our food supplies and a decent livelihood for our people.

To preserve our personal liberties and our free institutions—that is to say, to keep our ancient right to govern ourselves in our own way, to think as we like, to believe what we feel to be true, to speak our minds upon public affairs and, above all, to get rid of the danger of war for ourselves and others.

Indeed, our major and most vital interest is to convince other free and peaceful nations that we will stand with them in making it too dangerous for any people or Government to indulge in aggression.

We cannot do this by ourselves alone, however strong we may be. We have to do it by joining with other nations whose vital interest it is to stand up for the same things we care about.

We *may* have to fight for these things. We *shall* have to fight for them if we leave the other peoples of the world much longer in doubt whether we are determined, in the last resort, to fight for them.

None of the war-like nations is yet convinced that a halt will be called to fresh aggression, nor are the smaller nations persuaded that they can count either upon a steadfast British policy or upon our determination to carry it out.

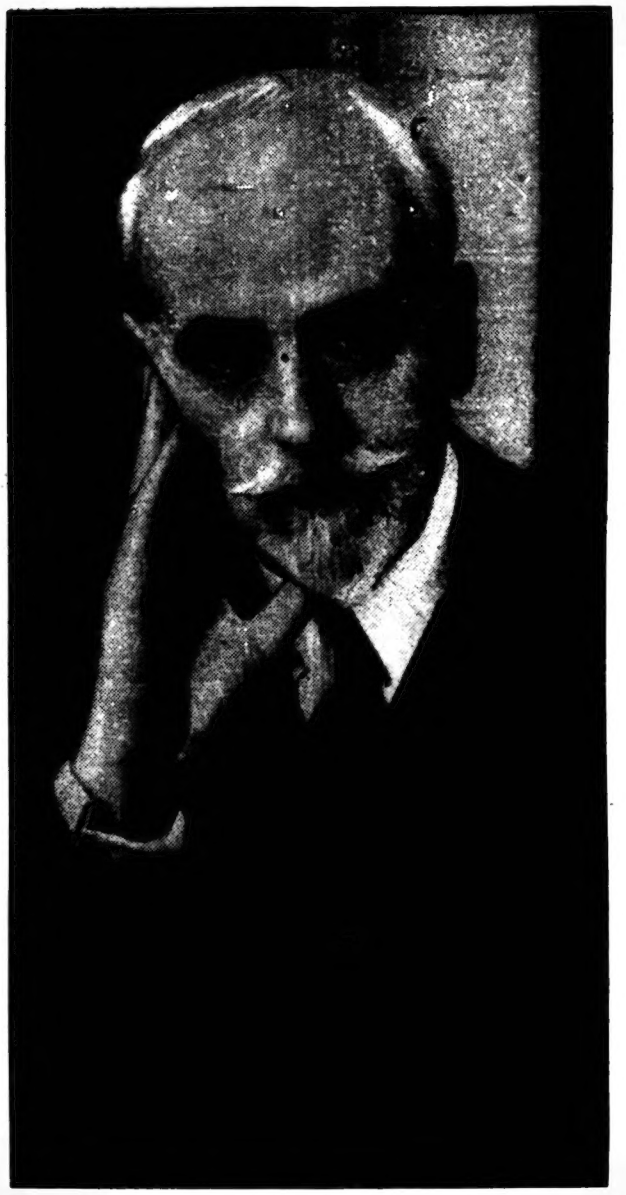
Awkward Customer

Old John Bull is neither dead nor dying. He likes to mind his own business, and to let others mind theirs. When the way others mind their business is a way that interferes with what he feels to be his business, he is apt to become a very awkward customer.

To Japan I would say: You are following a road which, twice in your history, has led you to utter disaster. Your present attempt to crush the Chinese people can have no other result.

Pause before you range the 400,000,000 Chinese and the Western world against you. Your Elder statesmen, whose wisdom you are flouting, chose for you a safer path. Return to it before it is too late.

To the peoples of Italy and Germany—could my voice reach them—I would say: You have let



"The fate of the world is in your hands"

yourselves be robbed of freedom. You are being fed on the east wind of vain-glory.

But the free nations of the West cannot suffer you to bring Europe under the heel of despotism and to turn her into an armed camp against them. Nor will we buy you off with any sort of Danegeld. Our greatest modern poet, whose words ring in our ears, bade us remember:

"We never pay any one Danegeld,
No matter how trifling the cost,
For the end of that game is oppression and shame,
And the nation that plays it is lost!"

Ready to Defend

We do not mean to be lost, and we do not want you to be lost. We want you to be free to live your own lives as respected and equal members of a Europe set for peace in a world set free from war. In such a world you would find us helpful and generous partners.

To Russia I would say: We have no fear of your Communism, though we like its methods as little as we like those of Italian Fascism and German Nazism. We think your political and social doctrines mistaken and your secret police system repugnant to human dignity.

For one thing we owe you thanks. You have stood against aggressive war. Thus you have, in the recent past, helped to save Europe from disaster while we were asleep. But to you, as to others, we would whisper a word of caution: Do not think that John Bull is still asleep, or faint-hearted and powerless.

And now, at the end of my "broadcast," I would say again to my own people: The fate of the British Commonwealth, perhaps the fate of the world, is in your hands. If you fail now to be great with true greatness, free civilisation may perish with you.

Make yourselves strong; be united; and be ready to defend, with the help of other nations of like mind, these your vital interests. Make it known that you are thus strong and ready.

Then you may not have to take up arms. Let doubt continue and you may have to wield them in a forlorn hope.

Daring the perils of an Arctic creek, these explorers are staking their lives on the strength of their ropes and the muscles of their comrades. Yet the urge to break a trail into the unknown drives them ever onwards

ARE there any secrets left, any lost worlds, any places left unseen and untrodden?

Wireless, aeroplanes, caterpillar-tractors and the pneumatic tyre, turbines and the petrol engine have caused the world to shrink. But virgin lands still remain. There are still white spaces on the maps.

Nearly 2,500 years have passed since the *first* explorer, a Phœnician named Hanno, went beyond Gibraltar and found the West Coast of Africa. And now the *last* explorers are setting forth to solve the last secrets.

Some weeks ago news came of an expedition, three men and a woman, which is marooned on a rock in the unknown hinterland of British Guiana. The Waldeck Expedition, as it is called, had set out to solve the ten-year-old mystery of the disappearance of the airman-explorer, Paul Redfern, who, on the trail of Indian legends, had vanished into this territory in search of a lost world.

This has begotten another Indian legend—of a white man who had "fallen from the skies," and who is imprisoned and worshipped as a god by another tribe—and has led another expedition into this mysterious land. It has been abandoned by its guides, and no man knows yet what is its fate. They have been left to starve while, a few thousand miles away, an American Court has been certifying Redfern, the object of their search, as "legally dead."

WHEN A SLIP MAY MEAN DEATH

In spite of the narrowing frontiers of our world, in spite of maps and charts which can lead marching parties and vessels to within a mile or two of their destinations, there are still the lost places, to serve as magnets to the romantics, the men with itching feet and curious minds who make explorers.

Mystery Peak

A party of American scientists, under Dr. G. H. Tate, is trying to climb to the plateau at the top of an 8,000-ft. mountain in the wilds of Southern Venezuela.

They have made a 4,000-mile journey to this place bacause they hope to find a "lost world." Auyantepuy Mountain is shunned by natives and has never yet been climbed by white men.

Flying over the area some time ago a prospector saw the densely wooded surface of the plateau and reported it to the scientific authorities in America.

Because it can never have been visited by man, the experts have been willing to back an expedition costing about £5,000 in the hope of finding new specimens of animal and plant life.

Recently, at a dinner of the Royal Geographical Society, the Duke of Kent spoke about "the vast areas of the earth which still remain unexplored." The Society ought to know.

For, from its headquarters in South Kensington, most of the last explorers, of whatever nationality, fit themselves out in fact and knowledge for their journeys. Sometimes, what is left of them, or of their equipment and possessions, comes back to rest in the museum cases of the Society.

Only the other day a JOHN BULL representative was talking to the librarian and the maps curator in the Maps Room. An official had brought in a square cardboard case—of the kind tinned soups are packed in—and was opening it at the end of the table.

They went over and peered inside. There was a prismatic compass in a stained leather case, some beads of coloured stone, one or two booklets in Spanish, stained with water and mud, a bit of khaki cloth, some pieces of a map and a large ball of brownish substance which looked like beeswax

They began unpacking these mixed items and checking them off on a list. "What is this stuff?" they were asked. After a second's silence, and almost casually, one of them said, "This belonged to a dead man."

Forgotten Race

That cardboard case contained nearly all that has been found of the belongings of Colonel Fawcett, who, with his son and another young companion, disappeared into the interior north of the Matto Grosso, near one of the Amazon tributaries, twelve years ago.

Fawcett, who was no romantic traveller but a veteran South American explorer with a vast knowledge of the Amazon tribes, believed that in the heart of this unknown territory, beyond the almost impenetrable jungle walls which guard the Xingu area, there exists a lost world of humans—a race of high civilisation which, for unknown centuries, has been cut off from the outside world.

He was last heard of in May, 1925, at a place called Bakari, many miles north of his starting-point, Cuyaba, and one of the last charted places. Then silence.

Some few years ago a trapper,

The World's Last Secrets

LEGEND SAYS HE'S A GOD

Ten years ago Paul Redfern, U.S. airman, vanished on a flight to South America. Then from the Green Hell of Brazil, Indians brought stories of a white man who had fallen from the skies and was worshipped as a god. The Waldeck expedition — three men and a woman — the thirteenth to search for Redfern, are now trapped in the jungle after being deserted by their native guides

named Rattin, came out of the jungle with Indian stories about a white man who had been taken into "the inner country." But a search expedition under G. M. Dyott found no trace of Fawcett's progress, or his end.

And so, in the end, a cardboard box comes back to the Map Room from which Fawcett set off twelve years ago. Its contents will rest in museum cases alongside the Scott Antarctic relics, the souvenirs of the Thibet Expeditions, the centuries-long battle for the secret of the North-West Passage, and the others.

Number one on the list of white spaces on the map is that area north of the head-waters of the Amazon, where Fawcett disappeared.

Head Hunters

There are thousands of square miles of it, guarded by walls of miasmic jungle.

One school of scientists believes that the human race began on the secret fringe of the great Brazilian forests 600,000 years ago, and that the first ape-men spread out from there in their tribal drifts thousands of years ago, when the Atlantic was dry land.

In this area beyond the Gran Chaco, the Madeira Marmore and the Tapojos River, there are Indian tribes, of which some members are 8 ft. tall.

They have been photographed by the rare scientists and travellers who have reached the edge of their territory.

They are head hunters who pursue a death cult with poisoned arrows and ambushes.

Tanks could not break through the swamps, massive trees and liana creepers, strong as ships' hawsers, that guard their haunts. Aeroplanes, hundreds of miles from the nearest base, could not land, and observers could not see through the matted roof of this "green hell."

But a mass assault is now being made on this unknown land. Somewhere there is a British expedition led by Captain Eric Erskine Loch, D.S.O.

While you were eating your Christmas dinner they were hacking their way foot by foot through the jungle towards the border of Ecuador. The country is inhabited by the Aukas, a strange and hostile tribe.

A few Aukas who have been brought back to civilisation—they die in a few weeks like rare Zoo beasts—have spoken of a race of "white Indians" who live in the farthest interior.

The Aukas have also mentioned a lake—a lake which is a common factor in all Indian legends—into which the Incas flung the last of their fabled millions of gold and treasure before the Spaniards wiped out their ancient civilisation.

Westwards in the unexplored Andes by Lake Titicaca, 12,000 feet high in the mountains, a party of Cambridge scientists, backed by the Percy Sladen Trust, is also mapping an unknown area and trying to probe the secrets of this hidden lake.

Inca treasure is not their objective—they want to find out how and why sea-level fish have found their way into this lake amid the peaks.

Far to the East, in Asia, over ground which you would have thought had been endlessly trodden by the hunting, searching feet of men, are the other white spaces.

Largest and most important perhaps is the Great Arabian Desert, the Rub 'al Khali, which the Bedouins call the "Empty Quarter."

It has been crossed, after years of preparation, by only two white men—Bertram Thomas, who was a political officer with the Sultan of Muscat, and H. St. John Philby, adviser to the Emir Ibn Saud.

This area is guarded fanatically by the Arab tribes who live on its fringes, although few of them have ever crossed it. Our knowledge of its thousands of square miles is limited to what Thomas and Philby could see from the routes they followed.

Yet there are many questions about the "Empty Quarter" to be answered. On one edge of it is a place called Dhufar, which some scholars have identified with Ophir, source of Solomon's gold.

On the south-west edge is the Yemen, the land of Sheba. In the interior behind Dhufar are vast mounds which have never been examined.

They are not, however, the refuse heaps which surround other ruined cities of the desert. Some experts suggest they may be mounds from gold workings like those which exist to-day in the Rand. Or the bones of slaves who died winning treasure from King Solomon's Mines.

At the Royal Geographical Society's headquarters they ran over a list of other white spaces on the maps.

North-west Africa, for example. In the Spanish territory of the Rio de Oro there is an enormous area, completely unmapped, which hides the "forbidden city" of Smara.

It has been visited only once—by Vieuchange, a French explorer. He mapped part of the route to the city and got within the walls by hiding himself in the pannier of a baggage camel.

Soon after his return he died from privations suffered on the journey.

Yet Smara is only a few hundred miles away from the Atlantic and the pleasure cruise routes to the Canary Islands.

Unknown Land

Again, only a few days' journey north of British Burma, with its cantonments, nursemaids with prams, and bugles at sunset, is another great unknown area where tribes still worship the Sun Stone.

Three groups of explorers are working their way towards this unknown land. One is an official Government survey expedition led by Mr. V. C. Pitchford. It has sent back reports of a strange tribe called the Wa people—a queer blue-black in colouring—and of a lake in the middle of new mountains.

The lake is shunned by the tribes and has no birds or other life near it. But on its edge they found the tracks of a strange, huge beast and rock slabs worn smooth, as if by the passage of millions of feet.

Northwards to Yunnan and Thibet is another "white space" into which Kingdon-Ward, plant-hunter and explorer, vanished a year ago.

Beyond this and the Himalayas is another area, in Chinese Turkestan, which map-makers want to fill in.

Held Prisoner

Dr. Filchner, a German, has been there for two years. The German Government recently awarded him an £8,000 prize for his exploration, but he was held prisoner by a remote clan when the prize was announced.

British officials beyond the Thibetan border of India secured his release, and he subsequently arrived at one of our frontier posts, injured and in rags.

Northwards still is the Great Turfan Depression—a huge rift, far below sea-level, in the heart of Central Asia.

Only one explorer, Sir Aurel Stein, has come back with any details of it, and he had not the time, nor sufficient equipment, to examine the whole of this area.

Back to Africa again. There are three other places which await a last exploration. The Central Kalahari Desert, some parts of Bechuanaland and the Ruwenzori, or the "Mountains of the Moon."

Two expeditions, one of them under the auspices of the Natural History Museum of South Kensington, have recently visited a section of the Ruwenzori.

They found lobelia, heather, and common garden herbs growing as high as trees. It is a nightmare land of hot mists.

The Polar regions still contain vast unknown tracts. These white deserts may have great benefits for humanity.

Shackleton found traces of coal in the Antarctic and, beneath the ice caps, there may be other mineral treasure.

Power to work these deposits and give light and warmth might come from electric wind dynamos, driven by the gales which blow perpetually from the Pole.

The poles, of course, are obvious places. So are the great mountains like Everest. Soon they may yield to last assaults. By the spring, the Tilman expedition, advancing at the rate of six breaths per step, will, it is hoped, get over the final 1,000 ft. of Everest's icy slope and stand upon the summit. The Russians are turning the North Pole into an air-route over the top of the world which may become as familiar as the Croydon-Paris route.

You might think the northern sub-Arctic was sufficiently well known through the visits of trappers and the many explorers who have aimed at the Pole.

But, in the north-west corner of Alaska, there is a region that is full of romantic mystery.

There is an Eskimo-Indian legend that, in this frozen land, there is a shut-in mountain valley with a great lake which never freezes and vast forests where the mammoth still roams.

Arctic Eden

Four years ago, a party in a Government survey 'plane, following the line of unknown peaks, suddenly saw a clearing in the icy mist, and a glint of water and green trees beneath.

They saw it for a moment, then it vanished.

And when the last secrets have been found—what next? Only two-fifths of this earth is land. There still remain the spaces under the sea to attract the explorer with mysteries of lost and drowned continents like Atlantis and Gondwanaland.

Also, there is the space within the earth awaiting the subterranean explorers of the future.

Many scientists believe that only a short distance below the earth's crust are vast caverns and inland seas fed by ground-seeped water from the surface.

Life may not be insupportable at great depths beneath the surface. In some of the great mines—in Brazil for example—many are already working three miles deep.

There have been legions who have followed in the wake of "mad" Hanno, the first explorer. Many have died on lonely mountain tops or in lonely wastes.

But the same motives and beliefs drive on these last explorers. Their aim is that, in the end, man will know every corner of this earth as he knows the path to his own door.

OPEN LETTERS

Sir Norman Walker—"Will you now continue to declare yourself powerless?"

SIR NORMAN WALKER,
President, General Medical Council

DEAR SIR NORMAN,—To the man-in-the-street your Council is known chiefly as the body which sits in judgment on doctors accused of immorality and breaches of professional etiquette such as advertising and so on.

One seldom hears of it dealing with complaints against practitioners in respect of their treatment of patients.

* * *

A London doctor the other day was notified that a child needed attention. Without seeing the infant and not knowing what it was suffering from or how near it was to death, he prescribed medicine for it *over the telephone.*

The case, according to pathological opinion, needed stimulation: but this medicine had a depressing action.

Before the doctor arrived the baby had died.

* * *

A distressing instance you will agree—but by no means an unusual one.

Will your Council continue to declare, in face of it, that it is powerless either to investigate or, if necessary, to take disciplinary measures in cases of the kind?

I just cannot believe it was ever intended that the functions of the G.M.C. should be restricted largely to probing the private lives of doctors.

Or that the public should be left so completely defenceless.—JOHN BULL.

The PRIMATE,
Canterbury

DEAR DR. LANG,—Please hurry up and appoint the Enquiry into Marriage which the Archbishop of York and his colleagues on the Doctrine Commission urgently call for.

Make it a sensible and practical body: put women on it besides men: doctors as well as parsons.

Deploring divorce and "modern" morals doesn't help.

But if you could find a way to earlier marriages, happier conditions for motherhood, and sensible sex education you would come much nearer building "Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land."—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Minister of Health

SIR,—Your advisers have impressed on you again and again that by far the most influential factor in the economic recovery of this country was the building industry, and particularly the construction of working-class houses.

So I implore you to heed the new portents.

Speculative building is plunging downwards. Much graver, however, is the fact that, almost everywhere, local authorities have been made acutely nervous by the Government's lack of policy against the day when armament activity dwindles.

They are shelving practically all building plans, notwithstanding the greater demand produced by slum clearance and your splendid Overcrowding Act.

No danger-signal could be more vivid.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. MALCOLM MacDONALD,
Dominions Secretary

SIR,—It could not be expected that the economic and political differences between Britain and Ireland would be even nearly settled by the talks begun this week.

The great point is that the parties to the prolonged and undignified squabble have been brought to their senses and that the approaches for peace were mutual.

For this you deserve all the credit. In your preliminary private meetings with Mr. De Valera you must have displayed pluck and astuteness beyond your years.

You have the gratitude of two peoples for the happiest political news produced for a long time.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. HACKFORTH,
Controller of Health Insurance

DEAR SIR.—Disquieting news is reaching me regarding the quality of medicines supplied to panel patients.

In some areas it has been necessary to take action against chemists in 25 per cent. of the cases investigated because the drugs dispensed were deficient—often in the most costly items.

But the defaulting chemists can smile. None is ever struck off the list.

And the maximum penalty that can be inflicted is a fine of £1!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. E. SUTCLIFFE,
President Football League

DEAR SIR.—Football pool promoters are willing to make a big donation to your £100,000 fund for struggling clubs.

Powerful attempts are being made inside the League to persuade you to refuse it.

Simply because, in an ill-starred hour, you once declared that pools were a menace to the game and must be smashed.

That bogey was stillborn. Accept the money in the spirit and with the grace it is offered.—JOHN BULL.

Col. Sir R. A. JOHNSON,
Comptroller, Royal Mint

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—Retail trade societies and other bodies are assailing you with criticism of the new twelve-sided threepenny piece.

They demand its withdrawal. The evidence of unpopularity, they say, is that as soon as people receive the coins in change they dispose of them.

That seems more like a compliment to the Mint. Your job is to produce coinage that will pass quickly.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES
Wimbledon Bench

GENTLEMEN.—A splendid opportunity has been missed in your Court to expose the absurd methods by which motorists and others are tested for drunkenness.

A police surgeon told you that he gave an accused driver a sum to do in the belief that the accuracy of his counting would show if he was capable of controlling a car.

You allowed this weird "evidence" to pass without comment.

A former president of the Total Abstainers' League once confessed that he had never been able to grasp even the simple multiplication table.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. L. HORE-BELISHA,
Secretary for War

SIR,—From many garrison centres I learn that commanding officers are convinced that the introduction of the new dark blue walking-out uniform for the Army has been a mistake.

It is not their own opinion. They are voicing what is apparently the cordial dislike of most of their men.

Don't hesitate to allow the regiments to return to their distinctive dresses. No one will think less of you for stopping an experiment that has failed.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE,
Chairman, Unemployment Insurance Committee

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I learn that your committee is inflexibly hostile to a claim by the Trades Union Congress for equal unemployment insurance benefits to men and women.

In the name of common-sense, how can you possibly defend the distinction of the sexes by requiring one to exist on several shillings a week less than the other?

Especially when unemployment pay is so low and £60,000,000 is lying idle in the Insurance Fund.—JOHN BULL.

Sir CLEMENT HINDLEY,
Chairman, Betting Control Board

DEAR SIR CLEMENT,—When Tote betting was sanctioned nine years ago I warned your Board that, sooner or later, the local authorities in the 100 districts where there are racecourses would cast covetous eyes on your revenue.

My advice to seek legislative protection against possible exploitation went unheeded.

To-day you find yourself defenceless when the Sunbury Council has raised the rateable value of the Tote premises at Kempton Park by no less than 1,800 per cent.

It is only a question of time before the blow is repeated everywhere else.

This exaction spells defeat of the purpose for which the Tote was legalised—to provide better and cheaper racing.

Now fight!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROLAND BURROWS, K.C.,
Recorder of Cambridge

DEAR SIR,—You have exposed from the Bench a serious matter which has been causing me concern for some time.

Quite rightly, you cast in the waste-paper basket a communication from the Prison Commissioners at the Home Office advising you how to deal with a youth charged in your court.

The growing tendency of Government departments to "coach" magistrates is an alarming symptom. The impertinence of putting a learned Recorder under tutelage is astounding.

If this official audacity is tolerated, it may next attempt interference with the Assize judges.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. P. D. H. CHAPMAN,
M.O.H., Bridlington

DEAR DOCTOR,—Like most other public health officers, you are shocked that so many community water supplies still come from wells—often heavily polluted.

Never, however, can any medical man have encountered such puerile opposition as is being raised against your efforts to end this scandal.

An argument used in the Council you serve is that if war breaks out, pipe-line supplies might be cut off by air bombardment!

My sympathy.—JOHN BULL.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Imitation Policeman

Well-meaning—but a poor substitute for the real thing

WE welcome new ideas—when they are good. When they are bad we never hesitate to say so. For instance, we have no time for the imitation policeman who is creeping into our national life.

Only the other day there was a storm over the employment of "civilian observers" to trap motorists in Hampshire.

Now we learn of "civilian patrols" employed in a Sussex town at 7s. 6d. a week to conduct school children over dangerous crossings. In Newcastle, senior children are being appointed "road wardens."

Without disparagement to all these well-meaning folk, we condemn the system most emphatically.

These lay assistants lack a police officer's experience of traffic control, and, more important still, they lack his authority.

We sympathise with our overworked constabulary, whose duties grow more multifarious daily.

Their job calls for discipline, highly specialised training and infinite tact. But that is all the more reason why this growing policy of makeshift is to be deplored.

The employment of spare-time, unqualified, civilian assistants is more likely to increase their burdens than to diminish them.

We can see all manner of complications arising, for though these various lay helpers may relieve the police of certain tedious tasks, they cannot relieve them of responsibility.

Where our police are concerned, we want the real thing or nothing.

Riddle of Mary Jane

"Is it too much to ask you to deal with such things?" is the query of a reader who writes about domestic service problems. The answer is "Certainly not," for the problems she mentions are troubling countless others also

By A. G. GARDINER

Mary Jane feels her job should be given a higher social status

IT is a commonplace that wherever two or three women are gathered together one of the two most fertile subjects of conversation is the servant problem.

That problem was never more acute than it is to-day, and the opening of the Domestic Services Exhibition in London, coupled with the decision of the T.U.C. to set up an enquiry as to the feasibility of a trade union for domestic servants, makes this a suitable moment to discuss the subject.

No question affects the happiness and well-being of all of us more deeply. As Burns said long ago, "a happy fireside clime for weans and wife" is the "true pathos and sublime of human life."

No success in the outside world will compensate for domestic failure and unhappiness. And that that failure and unhappiness is as often due to bad domestic economy as to loss of mutual affection will not be questioned.

It has been estimated that the difference between good and bad housekeeping in the homes of the working classes (and the middle classes, too) is equivalent to a quarter of the household earnings.

For this reason household economy is the most vital practical subject in the home life of the country. And it is the most neglected subject, too. Hence the frequency of domestic tragedies.

1,500,000 workers

Closely bound up with this great matter is the problem of domestic service in all its various aspects, from the impoverished home struggling to maintain a single "help" and the lower class lodging-house to the more prosperous household with its multiple servants and the great hotels and houses of entertainment.

It is estimated that no fewer than a million and a half of people are engaged in some form of domestic occupation in the country. This means that it is probably the largest body of people engaged in any single calling in the country.

And this vast host is entirely unorganised. The conditions of the calling—the isolation of its members, the varying circumstances in which they work, and so on—have made it hitherto impervious to the principle of collective bargaining and the operation of trade unionism.

There have been attempts to bring it within the scope of the T.U.C. Miss Jessie Stephens' efforts with the Workers' Union (now incorporated in the Transport and General Workers' Union) had some success, especially in the Birmingham area. But, broadly speaking, the attempts have failed.

"Slaveys" no longer

Now the T.U.C., departing from its practice of leaving the initiative to those who wish to become affiliated, has declared its willingness to organise a union if the demand exists, and has authorised an enquiry to discover whether it does exist. That enquiry will, in the first place, be made in the Greater London area.

While welcoming this step, I find that many of the leaders of the trade union movement are doubtful about the practical possibility of organising these scattered units into an effective union. They think that the case of the domestic servant needs other treatment, and I am disposed to agree with them.

The first point bearing on the subject is that modern conditions have caused a revolution in domestic service. That revolution has undeniably worked for the benefit of the underdog. The age of the Victorian "slavey" has passed, or is rapidly passing.

Universal education, the emancipation of women, the opening of a hundred callings hitherto closed to them, the new social outlook with its demand for larger liberty and a greater share in the good things that are going—all this has changed the relationship of the mistress and maid profoundly.

There has been a stampede from domestic service which in other days was the only career open to the average girl of the working classes. Wages have gone up and conditions have improved, but still the glitter of freedom and the life of the office, the shop and the factory have swollen the movement away from "service."

Wherever there is alternative occupation there is a famine in "maids." It is not only taxation that is closing the "great houses" of the land. It is the impossibility of keeping them equipped with the necessary staffs.

And, coming down in the scale, the difficulty is intensified. The trouble of the middle-class housewife traipsing from registry office to registry office in the vain search for help is one of the social phenomena of the time.

The difficulty of securing satisfactory domestic help has driven, and is driving, thousands of families into residential flats where labour-saving devices and the narrowness of the accommodation make dependence on servants less.

Incidentally, the fact has an important bearing on the declining birth-rate. For people who live in flats, with little room and no help, find it convenient to economise in the matter of children. There are other considerations, of course, but this is one of the chief causes of the falling birth-rate among the middle classes.

From every point of view, therefore, the decay of the domestic service calling is a deplorable social fact. I doubt whether trade union organisation, even if it were practicable, would provide a remedy.

And for this reason. The dislike of "service" is not due to the insufficiency of the wages or the harshness of the conditions. There are bad employers, of course, and bad cases. But the general run of the calling has enormously improved. The shortage of supply has put the "maid" in the saddle.

It is not she who has to seek a job. It is the mistress who has to run her to earth and, having found her, has to give her wages and conditions of service that will keep her. In the terms of real wages, including board and lodging and etceteras, it is probable that the average domestic servant is at least as well off as the average worker in shop or factory or office.

And with the whip hand which famine conditions give her, she is generally able to command reasonable hours of leisure and as good holiday arrangements as her working sister behind the counter.

Causes of revolt

Elsewhere must be sought the causes of the revolt against domestic service. One of them is the sense of freedom which the office girl, who has her own home, her own independent life and her evenings to herself, possesses and the "maid" does not.

Another, and the more important, is the matter of status. Domestic service, with the evil traditions of the past for which the present is paying, savours of drudgery and social inferiority.

This is the root of the mischief, and it is this false valuation that must be altered. It is a phase of that neglect of the economy of the household which is one of the most deplorable parts of our social life as compared, say, with that of France or Germany. We have sown the wind and are now reaping the whirlwind.

Our remedy is to raise the whole status of domestic service and to make it, what it should be, one of the most honourable, as it is one of the most essential, callings. The foundation of this new standard must be laid in the schools.

Domestic economy must be a leading part of our curriculum. Training centres should be set up for those who choose to take up the calling, and diplomas should be given to those who pass the tests.

By such means the foolish discredit attaching to domestic service will be removed and self-respecting girls will no longer think that serving behind the counter is a nobler task than the ancient duties of the household.

Never hesitate to tell the Editor what you would like A. G. G. to write about.

The Human Machine

IT MEANS NOTHING

ONE of the great dangers that beset us all is the ease with which we get on familiar terms with the impossible. This sounds a very cryptic statement, but it is really a very simple one. We are so frightened of facing difficulties, so ready to turn aside at the least sign of opposition or trouble, that the favourite slogan of most of us is "It's impossible." We're all far too ready to cry "It can't be done."

"Most people," said an old American philosopher, "are not ignorant. It's just that they know so many things that aren't so!"

Now, when you come to think of it, this is a very foolish attitude. The history of the world could be re-written in terms of one set of people saying that a thing was impossible and another set promptly proving how possible it was by going and doing it!

Familiarity with the impossible is much more than a demonstrable fallacy. It is a positive slavery. To know how impossible it is to do things is to demonstrate how effectually you have put your mind in fetters.

"Impossible" is a word that has yet to be proved to have any real meaning. Just remember that next time you're asked to do something you've never done before.

Sir Wyndham Childs Exposes this week:

Sham Millionaire's Amazing Hoax

Mystery Captain—

John Henry James, whose £3,000,000 inheritance somehow never arrives!

CAPTAIN JOHN HENRY JAMES fulfils all the qualifications of a man of quality.

To meet him might well be regarded as a privilege. He has so many of the social virtues.

Here is a man in the early forties, well turned out and obviously travelled. His conversation never flags, never fails to interest. He can suit the word to the occasion as easily as he can make the occasion suit the word.

When it comes to selecting a dinner he is conversant with just the right dishes and invariably suggests the most appropriate wines and the particular liqueur or port that fits the occasion.

In the matter of cigars his taste is above reproach.

But such accomplishments are expected of Captain James. Is he not one of the original Jameses—*the* Jameses?

He is a man of the world. He has never married. But you know how it is when such a man travels so far and sees so much.

He is only a year or so over forty, but perhaps he will settle down one day. You never can tell.

* * *

Now, for some time past Captain James has been residing at the Olde Mill House, Berkhamsted. He is extremely popular. He is a good horseman and rides regularly. His stories of his past achievements and his experiences at exclusive functions, royal and otherwise, fall agreeably on the responsive ears of his listeners.

Yet, strange as it may seem, when the same Captain James arrived at the Olde Mill House, last August, his entire luggage was contained in a Gladstone bag—which he carried himself.

No one in the district knows that essential fact. Captain James plays his cards too well.

For several months he has been playing the rôle of man of substance. Whenever he went to London—and at frequent intervals—he travelled first-class. From time to time he would hire a car to take him to a club in town and return in the evening.

On each occasion he had business appointments with his legal advisers or bankers that had to be attended to. All very distracting, but natural in the life of a man like himself.

* * *

In strange, mysterious ways, rumour said Captain James was the heir to a million. In a short time it was confidently asserted that the stranger within the gates of Berkhamsted would shortly come into a fortune of £3,000,000.

Such report was given confirmation when Captain James personally informed one of his creditors of the fact when the latter asked for something on account of an outstanding bill and was requested to postpone his demand for just a little longer.

Three millions! Figures to conjure with. In certain quarters Captain James's popularity has been enhanced so that he is almost the central figure of a fairy story.

But there is another side to this fantastic episode in the career of Captain James.

Several people are awaiting payment for goods supplied, or services rendered. Rent at the Olde Mill House is overdue. There is a substantial bill for hiring of cars.

Captain James has staved off the evil day of reckoning by announcing the date he would inherit his millions.

But that day has now passed!

I will tell you something about Captain James. He has been hoaxing the public in this way for years.

A man of pleasing appearance and agreeable manners, he has often made plausibility his means of livelihood.

Years ago he was content to live on an expectancy of a mere £20,000.

Since then he has grown more and more ambitious, and now takes a matter of three millions in his stride.

In 1928 he met a former officer in Durban, in South Africa, and became expansive in regard to the fortune his father, a mining engineer, had left him when he reached a certain age. Incidentally that certain age was never quite defined. At that time James was sharing a hut with a plumber, but even so on the strength of his stories the former officer advanced considerable sums.

James has even produced cheques lately for as much as £500 purporting to be on account of forthcoming inheritances. No one, however, has been permitted to obtain more than a glance at the convincing numerals and the name of the payee. During the past few days Captain James has not been seen in Berkhamstead for any length of time, although it is said he continues to pay furtive visits to his haunts there.

Report has it that he is negotiating for the purchase of a country house in Buckinghamshire.

In my opinion, Captain James is a hoaxer of the worst kind. He has been battening on trusting folk for years.

Many other interesting things I know about this mystery captain I will leave till a future date. Suffice it to say he is a cool adventurer whose bluff ought to be called.

Building Society Mystery

I AM much intrigued by the experiences of a reader who answered an advertisement issued by a firm calling itself "Morfyns," of Regent Street, London, S.W., inviting applications for employment in the accounts department of a Canadian building society.

When he called he was interviewed by six men and was informed that the "National Permanent Building Society of Canada" had its headquarters in Montreal and that its operations were "modelled on the lines of the Abbey Road Building Society."

Nevertheless, before he could be employed at a salary of £1,500 a year he must take up £500 worth of shares in the company. He must also be prepared to go to Canada, and in that event he would have his passage refunded should he desire to terminate his agreement. An agreement to this effect was produced forthwith.

* * *

In the course of the interview much was said of the experience which had been obtained by one of the members of the company through working at the offices of a well-known building society with a view to qualifying for the position of secretary to the concern at the Montreal office.

To say the least, it was all very impressive.

Usually people confronted with a proposition of this kind, and provided they have the necessary funds on hand, do not hesitate. Prospects seem so rosy. What is a matter of £500 when there is question of earning the handsome salary of £1,500 a year?

Fortunately, my reader was a little more prudent and begged leave to think the whole matter over. He was told the matter was one of urgency and he must decide within three days.

Enquiries at the headquarters of the well-known building society merely elucidated the information that an individual had been given facilities to study the methods of business employed by the firm.

More important was the fact that other enquiries had been forthcoming from men who had asked about the advisability of investing £500 in a similar concern.

* * *

His suspicions having been aroused, my reader approached "Morfyns" with a view to getting some documents concerning their proposition in Canada and a copy of the agreement he would have to sign.

Instead of receiving the papers he asked for he was requested to call at the Regent Street office once more. He did not do so, and a day or two later received a telephone call enquiring why he had not made an appointment.

The call came from Mr. H. Howard Bangs, who, I find, is co-partner in "Morfyns" with one Mr. H. W. Harris.

My correspondent was warned by officials at Canada House not to invest in a proposition of this kind without making thorough investigation.

Now I can take the matter further than that. The grandiloquent "National Permanent Building Society of Canada" does not appear in any standard reference book.

It occupies unpretentious offices in Stanley Street, Montreal, and is described as a "small, new concern" of recent origin. No details of its financial status are available.

In saying this, I impute nothing against its bona fides.

"Morfyns" itself is also of recent origin, but its two partners have been active for a long period, for there have been enquiries in regard to similar propositions at Canada House, Canadian banks in England and other Canadian institutions for several months past.

I address four straight questions to Messrs. Bangs and Harris.

1. When was the National Permanent Building Society of Canada registered? What are the names of its directors and the extent of its financial backing?

2. If there is such great scope for such a building society, why is it necessary to recruit employees in London? Are there not men in Montreal equally fitted for the job of carrying on the business without asking Londoners to put down £500 and then go 3,000 miles to start work?

* * *

3. Supposing the return passage money *is* forthcoming, what of the £500 investment? Whether the shares would ever be worth the money depends surely on the National Permanent Building Society of Canada becoming a financial success.

4. And why the urgency? Applicants must make up their minds in three days. Is it nothing that a man be asked to plank down £500 and cross the Atlantic to begin life anew in a strange country?

For my part, I am inclined to advise my readers to refrain from investing their money with "Morfyns" until Messrs. Bangs and Harris can come into the open with a very much more tangible offer than they seem to be prepared to make at the moment.

You have been warned . . .

Cure to Shun

DISPLAY advertisements issued by the Institute of Sympathico Therapy, of Stratford Place, Oxford Street, London, announce a course of treatment for various ailments.

Apparently a new and miraculous cure for many of our more obstinate ills was discovered by a French medical man, Paul Gillet.

Gillet proved that wonderful things could result from the mere process of massaging the mucous membrane with a metallic substance he called "sympatico styla."

Asthma, infantile paralysis and angina pectoris were but three of the affections which yielded to this simple treatment.

I have always taken the view that in serious cases of this kind proper medical advice ought to be taken quickly. Apart from this warning from me, I can add that medical opinion is quite opposed to this institution on the ground that delay in obtaining proper treatment, while in touch with it, may have very deplorable results.

Scandal of the Royal Mail

ORDINARY working tailor and cutter, Mr. A. F. Wylie, of Braefoot Avenue, Milngavie, earning £3 a week, was walking home from his work when he was knocked down in Bath Street, Glasgow, by a Post Office mail-van.

He is incapacitated for life. His leg was broken in two places. He is unable to follow his employment, and the firm which had employed him for twenty-one years cannot do so any longer.

In spite of frequent protests, the Post Office authorities refuse to make any compensation, and Wylie faces a dreary future, the penury and misery of which is not difficult to imagine.

The case of Wylie is one of several which have come to my notice concerning victims of mail-van accidents. In nearly every case the Post Office authorities refuse to accept responsibility, and no redress is forthcoming.

Wylie was picked up and taken to the adjoining Corporation Tramway offices. Having a personal prejudice against hospitals, Wylie asked to be removed to the place where he was employed. There a doctor said he could not diagnose the extent of the man's injuries on account of abnormal swelling in the leg.

* * *

He was sent to his home. When his wife arrived a short time afterwards she found their family physician, Dr. Pearson, of Kew Terrace, Glasgow, already in attendance on her husband.

Dr. Pearson—who has done everything he can in the matter, and can in no way be blamed for the attitude of the authorities—explained he was also medical examiner for the Glasgow Post Office. He had been instructed by headquarters to see Mr. Wylie. That accounted for his presence in the house.

He gave his opinion that an X-ray examination was essential, and Mr. and Mrs. Wylie naturally thought that the cost would be defrayed by the Post Office authorities.

The examination revealed a compound double fracture of the fibula, and the radiologist's bill was duly paid by the injured man.

Wylie's leg was set, and it remained in plaster for two months. Since then he has not been able to carry out medical orders to take exercise, for his leg collapses under him.

* * *

Mrs. Wylie has written repeatedly to Post Office officials, both in London and Glasgow, but without the least success. In fact, replies have been perfunctory in the extreme.

Finally, she wrote to the local M.P.—then Sir Robert Horne (now Viscount Horne of Slamannan)—who personally investigated the circumstances.

Lord Horne was informed by letter by Sir Walter Womersley, Assistant P.M.G., that no blame could reasonably attach to the driver of the mail-van in question, and therefore there could be no question of compensation.

Moreover, he added, Wylie had refused medical attention at the time, but, following ordinary routine, the Post Office doctor was asked to furnish an official report.

It was found that the doctor also happened to be Mr. Wylie's physician, and the letter stressed the fact that it was no part of the doctor's duty, while acting on behalf of the Post Office, to prescribe treatment, and therefore, again, there could be no contribution from Post Office funds.

This is all most unsatisfactory. The man has lost his work. He is crippled for life. He refused immediate medical attention only because he did not want to go to an infirmary.

What can Wylie do? He can bring an action against the van driver, certainly. But with what hope?

Do you realise that van drivers employed by the G.P.O. are not subject to third-party insurance?

Litigation in such circumstances would be futile. In any case, the real defendant would be the all-powerful and wealthy General Post Office.

Mr. Wylie cannot sue the G.P.O. in the ordinary way, for it is a State Department, and action can only lie after a fiat has been obtained from the Attorney-General.

There is slender chance of that, even supposing Mr. Wylie had the necessary financial resources to pursue the matter!

On enquiry at the G.P.O. in London one of my investigators was informed that the Postmaster-General himself deals with all mail-van accident claims and judges them on their merits.

I suggest he should review this very sad case.

* * *

And there are others, too,

Take that of Margaret Sprigga, a pretty Peterborough girl of seventeen, in domestic service, who was knocked down by a mail-van.

She sustained injuries to the head requiring eighteen stitches. She will be scarred for life. The sight of her right eye is affected. What will be the compensation in her case—a girl deprived of her looks for ever?

Then there is a man at Saffron Walden who suffered a broken right leg and injuries to head and body.

Among other cases before me there is one from Belfast, in which the victim was calmly informed that Post Office van drivers are not covered by third-party insurance.

I contend that this is a scandalous state of affairs. In my opinion, there should be a properly-constituted arbitration committee to deal with all such claims.

Mr. A. F. Wylie—knocked down by a mail-van and crippled for life.

Monstrous Rents Racket

PROUDLY proclaiming herself "Queen of Watering Places," Scarborough cannot be so proud of some of her landlords.

In one of the areas, for example, there are many tenants of small houses who for years past have paid rents in many instances 100 per cent. more than they should have paid under the Rent Restrictions Act.

The only amelioration to their circumstances is that they have found a champion in Mr. C. Smallwood, a land and estate agent, who has worked for years in their interests.

Mr. Smallwood has in three months investigated no fewer than 150 cases where, it is alleged, tenants have been overcharged for rent to the extent of £3,000 per annum.

In two instances householders who firmly believed their houses were rent-controlled under the Act are paying 10s. and 14s. weekly rent respectively, although the legal controlled amount payable should have been only 4s. 10d. in each case.

* * *

The flaw in such matters is that the onus rests on the tenant to prove that the house he resides in is one to which the Rent Restrictions Act should apply.

This ruling of the Court of Appeal acts harshly in the case of tenants of such types of property, for they are not generally conversant with the law, and in any case are too poor to employ solicitors and risk court fees.

So the dice are loaded against them.

Scarborough does not stand alone in this miserable exploitation. In practically every large city and town in the country grasping landlords, who hate the Rent Restrictions Act like, it is said, the Devil hates holy water, are indulging in a campaign to secure rents from the poor in many cases 100 per cent. above those to which they are entitled under the Act.

Even when such property-owners have been found to be overcharging during a period of years, they have only to offer their tenants amounts equivalent to twenty-six weeks of the overcharge.

* * *

Often the latter are afraid to take steps because a threat of eviction is wrongfully held over their heads. They are unaware that such a threat cannot be enforced.

A case in point is that of a householder with a large family, who had the bailiffs in for rent arrears of £2. When his case was investigated it was ascertained that, since he had occupied the house, his landlord had overcharged him in rent £370 as against what he should properly have paid under the Rent Restrictions Act.

Recently a landlord in another provincial town acquired six rent-controlled houses. He obtained possession of one, and then persuaded the remaining tenants to move into other of the houses, thus decontrolling them. Within a short time he doubled the rents.

Cases of extortion like this could be multiplied.

Too often tenants, owing to lack of housing accommodation in their district, are afraid to insist on their rights.

It is to be hoped that the Minister of Health, when he considers alterations and amendments to the Rent Restrictions Act, which soon expires, will safeguard the position of thousands of poor tenants who have been exploited in this way.

Big Bargain Drapery Swindle

IN the spring of last year there was established the firm of W. E. Bridger, Textile Merchants and Agents.

Addresses were given in the Midlands and in London.

Through agents, it was represented that Mr. W E. Bridger was a well-known figure in the textile world, and that his name stood for "Something big in the industry."

Now for some facts.

The W. E. Bridger concerned is definitely of outstanding personality. He dominated the affairs of the firm of W. E. Bridger.

His principal assistant—in actual fact, partner—is a man of thirty-seven, who passed as Ronald Cecil Penrose.

* * *

Small hosiery and haberdashery traders in different parts were duly approached by Bridger, or Penrose, who boasted that they had several representatives touring the country.

They ordered supplies of goods of all kinds, with offers of prompt payment (backed by convincing references) and with the additional mutual advantage of discount for cash.

Everything appeared to be good on the surface, but I now have no doubt that the carefully-laid scheme of references and correspondence merely concealed a plan to bring off a quick swindle on small traders and merchants in all parts of the country.

I will give you a typical instance.

A firm of manufacturers received an order for socks, stockings, bodices, overalls and so on, running into three figures. Previously they had been paid by return for a smaller consignment, and it was only natural in the way of business that the bigger order was duly executed.

But this time no cheque was forthcoming, and when the matter was put into the hands of a trade protection organisation for collection it was found that this particular application was merely one of many, running into many hundreds of pounds.

One day the firm of W. E. Bridger, sometimes described as "wholesale warehousemen," was shut down.

Bridger and his associate, Penrose, decamped because they could not face the ever-growing demands from angry creditors for long overdue payment for goods received.

Skilfully they had disposed of the very considerable stock on their hands. Some of it was sold for cash. The remainder was taken to an unknown destination, and there it may still be for all I know.

Meanwhile, I can reveal that Penrose has been engaged in similar fraudulent schemes for some time past.

He is regarded among legitimate traders as a menace to the textile industry. He had already served sentences of imprisonment for textile frauds.

* * *

My investigation into the ramifications of these men has shown that the commercial references have been supplied in some cases by confederates working from various addresses in collusion with Penrose or Bridger.

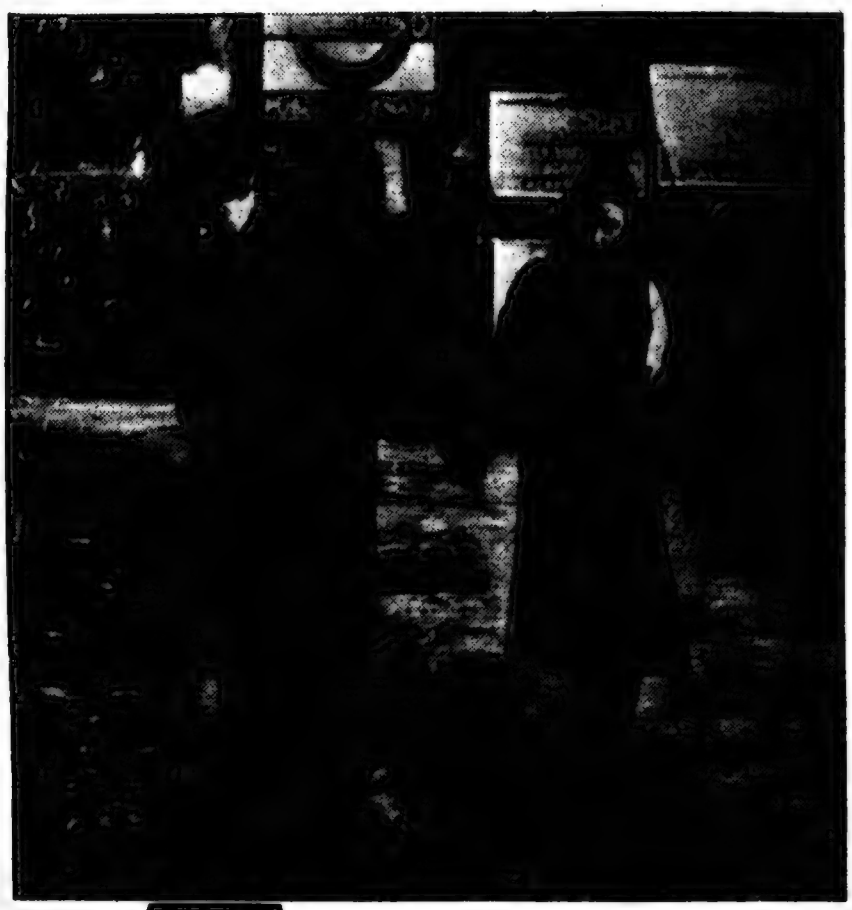
The latter is the ne'er-do-well son of a well-known textile manufacturer in the Midlands, who, I may add, refuses to have anything to do with him.

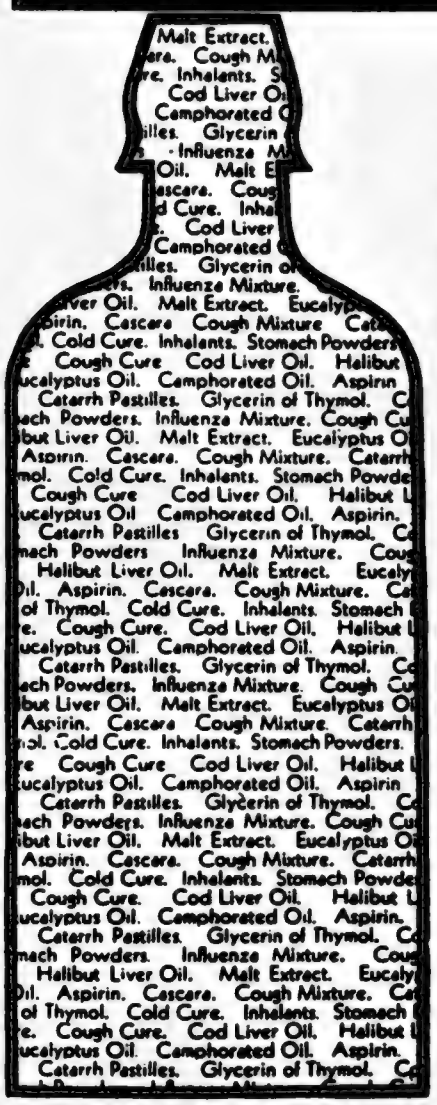
He has caused his relatives much annoyance and pain.

Both Penrose and he are members of a large and active gang of textile swindlers, and I have little doubt that he is carrying on the old game elsewhere, with new aliases and nominees.

I hope his arrest will soon be effected and a stop put to his malign activities once and for all.

HOW DO YOU WEATHER THE WINTER?

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Are you one of the people who catch cold in November and never seem to lose it till the following May? Or are you always aggressively healthy? Whoever you are you cannot afford to ignore the simple rules of sensible living. Eat well, sleep well, take plenty of fresh air and exercise at week-ends, and you should seldom need to bring a doctor's prescription to Boots. But if at any time you do need a bottle of medicine you can rely on Boots dispensing service for accuracy, speed and a general tendency to charge less than you are asked to pay elsewhere.

SOME EXAMPLES OF VALUE AT BOOTS:

Malt Extract with Halibut Liver Oil	**Aspirin Tablets** *(gr. 5)*
1/3 per 1 lb. jar,	*1d. per tube of 5,*
2/3 per 2 lb. jar,	*2d. per tube of 12,*
4/3 per 4 lb. jar,	*4d. per bottle of 25,*
7/- per 7 lb. jar.	*1/- per bottle of 100.*

YOU CAN RELY ON The Boots Chemists

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham.

670—305

THERE'S ALWAYS A CATCH IN IT SOMEWHERE!

For almost everything you buy to-day, from cars to rocking horses, you pay considerably more than the manufacturing cost of the article itself—and rightly so. You pay for the benefit of having shops in your own district where you can select what you want "on your own doorstep" so to speak, instead of travelling perhaps hundreds of miles to some factory or other to get what you want.

Murphy sets are sold through a strictly limited number of dealers who, because of their comparatively big Murphy turnover, work on a smaller discount than they otherwise could. You therefore pay *less* for your Murphy. But needless to say, there's a catch in it. If you want a Murphy set you've got to take the extra bit of trouble to go to your Murphy dealer, and not just pop into the first Radio shop you come across.

E. J. POWER,
Managing Director.

MURPHY MODELS NOT ILLUSTRATED INCLUDE:

MAINS ALL-WAVE RADIOGRAMOPHONE	at £85
MAINS RADIOGRAMOPHONE	at £24 and £25
MAINS ALL-WAVE CONSOLE MODEL	at £35
MAINS CONSOLE MODEL ..	at £17 . 10
MAINS ALL-WAVE TABLE MODEL	at £15 . 10
MAINS TABLE MODEL ..	at £11 . 10
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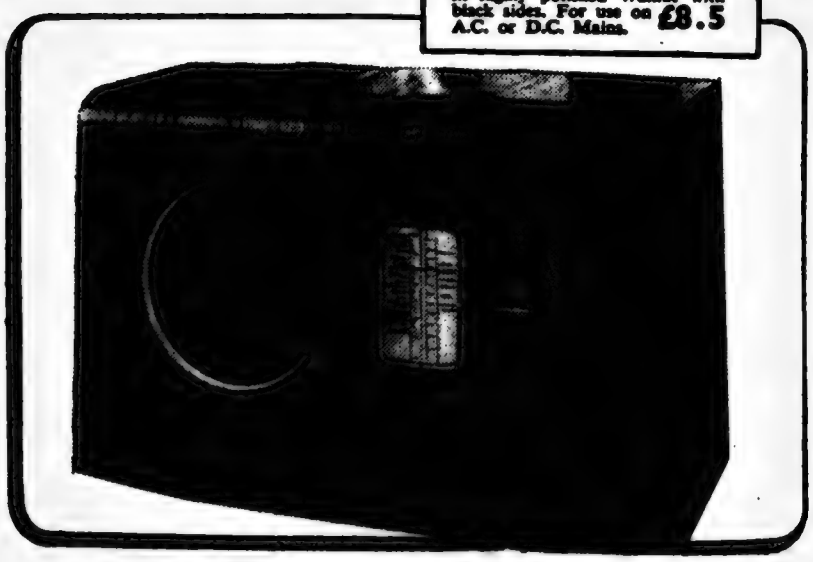

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C. R. Comm 525

The Schools are Letting us Down

Britain has had compulsory school attendance for nearly seventy years—but can we call ourselves an educated nation? Does the average man and woman of to-day care about politics, art, intellectual ideas? Does the training we give our children fit them to make a success of their lives? These questions are answered in this article by Mr. J. W. Marriott, expert in education and child psychology.

By J. W. MARRIOTT

MORE than 170,000 girls and boys from the elementary and secondary schools of Britain are now preparing to make their start in life, while their old school-fellows are settling down at their desks again after the Christmas holidays.

And parents are wondering just how much value the education which has been pumped into their sons and daughters for the past ten years will have in the battle to earn a living.

Many are asking if the present educational system, which aims at cramming into the school curriculum the greatest possible number of subjects, is not hopelessly wrong.

I believe that it is. For these high-pressure methods—intensified still more at examination times—have caused children to be overburdened with homework, sapping their vitality and destroying their enthusiasm for seeking knowledge themselves.

The result is that our schools are turning out a nation of young drifters, who have only the most superficial knowledge of any of the subjects they have spent so many valuable years in studying.

What is more lamentable still is that they seem to be content to accept any opinion as fact—so long as they are not called upon to think and reason for themselves.

In cases where they have been called upon to specialise in a subject—solely for the purpose of passing some examination—they do so to the neglect of others which may possibly be more useful to them in later life. And the price they pay is—intellectual lop-sidedness.

Does the modern father or mother ever take the trouble to count the number of subjects studied in school by the children of to-day?

☆ The "three R's" are still prominent—as they should be—on the time-table, but every one of them branches out in several new directions.

Reading is not merely reading aloud round the class. It includes the silent study of good books, lessons in the appreciation of literature, and "original research."

Writing does not mean handwriting and spelling. It aims at self-expression, the acquisition of a literary style, and often includes the writing of verse, plays, stories and essays.

Arithmetic also goes farther. In the highest class of the elementary schools it includes logarithms, graphs, and the simple rules of algebra.

History is no longer confined to the story of the British Isles and the Empire. It is considered essential to study our "island story" in the light of events abroad.

The modern child knows about Mohammed, Charlemagne, Gustavus Adolphus, the French Revolution, the Italian Risorgimento.

He studies world history from the days of primitive man to the end of 1937, and therefore covers contemporary events in all parts of the world.

Geography has been revolutionised during the last few years. Instead of learning lists of rivers and capes, the pupil of to-day studies human life in many lands, and the subject is linked up to economics and industrial problems.

The boy cannot recite a list of the tributaries of the Yorkshire Ouse in the right order. He has probably never heard of them.

But he knows a good deal about the Polish Corridor, the constitution of the Little Entente, the Rome-Berlin axis, and the source of the trouble in the Far East.

General science has been substituted for separate branches of science. The idea is to enable the young people to understand the world in which they live.

They do not have to memorise the atomic weights of the elements, but they know the scientific principles underlying a talking film, a wireless set, an X-ray photograph, and the Diesel engine.

At least, that is the idea. Science is correlated to half-a-dozen other subjects. It includes a smattering of astronomy, meteorology, geology, botany, zoology, physiology, chemistry, dynamics, statics, light, heat, sound, electricity, magnetism.

☆ The "darling" of the moment is biology, which includes the study of the human body, hygiene, the rules of health, and a knowledge of dietetics. Music is not restricted to singing tonic-solfa from a modulator and a few school songs. It includes the understanding of the musical score, the singing of part-songs at sight, and the playing of an instrument in the school orchestra.

Art work includes drawing, designing, painting, pastel-work. Then there is verse-speaking, speech-training and school drama, discussions and debates, civics, current events, general knowledge.

Physical training takes up more and more time. The old militaristic barrack-square drill has given place to a better kind of exercise which aims at poise, grace, flexibility of movement. It includes (wherever possible) gymnastic exercises with apparatus, swimming, dancing and sports.

The boys spend a certain time each week in manual crafts—woodwork and metalwork.

The girls learn domestic subjects like needlework, laundry, cookery, housewifery.

Even now we have overlooked some of the crafts, like leatherwork, bookbinding, lino-cutting and raffia work.

In the secondary schools there is the study of languages, living and dead, such as Greek, Latin, French and German. To these may be added Greek and Roman history.

Lastly, there is religious knowledge, which varies from school to school.

Count up the subjects which the boys and girls of our day are taught. Is it any wonder that they can be given little more than a superficial smattering?

Every year more and more subjects are squeezed into an already overcrowded syllabus. Every year the teachers become more and more desperate.

Easy to understand why pupils in secondary schools are overburdened with homework. The teacher cannot get through the prescribed work in the time at his disposal, and therefore he encroaches on the free time of the child in the evenings and at week-ends.

It is unfair—but there is always a *big examination* looming in the near future and the teacher has no other resource.

And so the pupils are kept so busy amassing facts that they have no time for real thought or the consideration of values.

This is what two teachers told me a few days ago. One was the headmistress of a large High School for Girls:

"We do extremely well in examinations," she said. "Our girls pass the School Certificate and Matriculation exams. and then go on to take the Higher Schools. Some of them graduate at the universities.

☆ "But after this their education stops dead. They forget all they have learned. They go to films, read best-sellers, glance at the pictures and headlines of a daily paper, play bridge and tennis.

"But the main idea in life seems to be to keep up with the Joneses! It is all terribly wrong. Such a tragic waste of excellent ability."

The housemaster in a well-known public school voiced the same opinion.

"After leaving school the boys don't think at all," he said. "They take all their opinions ready-made. Those who did brilliantly in exams. become mediocrities. They are easily led—a flock of harmless sheep."

Yet we are spending a good £100,000,000 a year on educating the nation, and more than 200,000 teachers are doing their hardest to train our children.

The former Headmaster of Harrow, Dr. Cyril Norwood, has compared our system to the Army. The boys in the public schools represent the officer class and are trained to exercise authority. Those in secondary schools correspond to the N.C.O.s. The elementary school pupils are the rank and file, who are trained to obey orders, to be punctual, reliable, polite, and docile.

There are about 7,000 in the public schools; more than 500,000 in secondary schools; and between five and six millions in the elementary schools.

☆ If the comparison holds good—and it certainly appears to do so—we cannot yet claim to be a democracy. Our Government is said to be democratic, offering equal opportunities for all. But without enlightenment no country can be democratically governed.

An educated nation is essential to-day—but it must be a nation of men and women educated to think for themselves.

No use them repeating slogans as a parrot repeats swear-words or pet phrases.

As I see it, the question is not—do we need more education? Surely no one can say that we are lacking in quantity. What *is* needed is a complete overhaul of the whole educational system.

We shall have to harden our hearts and deliberately "scrap" half the subjects in the curriculum.

Something may also have to be done to "tighten-up" school discipline. It is delightful, of course, to allow the children to choose their own subjects, to work or not as they please, to float with the stream instead of striving against it.

But neither brain nor muscle can be trained without hard work. Psychologists tell us that we should evolve slowly and beautifully, like summer flowers. It sounds wonderful. It would sound even more wonderful to an accompaniment of soft music.

Still, most parents would be happier if their children were less innocuous, less afraid of "getting down to it" when occasion arises.

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A Reminder!

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New Fashions in Crime

The author is one of our leading criminologists, whose studies of the men and women behind the crime rackets have taken him to many countries. His books are widely read.

By H. T. F. Rhodes

THERE are new fashions in crime and new types of criminal in our modern world. They are making crime a much more serious problem to-day than it has ever been before.

First there is the problem of criminal youth.

Young law-breakers of to-day do not resemble their predecessors in the least, either in their point of view or in the kind of crime they commit.

They think bigger and are more intelligent.

Early this year a boy of under sixteen was accused and convicted of house-breaking. It was stated in court that the methods he used were so ingenious that to disclose them publicly was inadvisable. This is not an isolated example.

Professor de Rechter, chief of the scientific police in Brussels, showed me only a little while ago some recent additions to his black museum.

They consisted of a number of ingenious mechanical contrivances for breaking open safes and specially built "burglar-proof" doors. These things were not used by the older men. Nearly all had been found in the possession of house-breakers under twenty-one.

House-breaking has increased by more than 200 per cent. in the last thirty years. The extent to which it has increased in skill cannot be estimated, but it is a great deal more than 200 per cent.

And youth's worship of speed has also created a new and dangerous cult in crime. Modern safe-breaking, for instance, is the work of young criminals who think and act quickly.

Safe-breaking gangs rely upon speed and careful training. A car is driven up to the premises, an entry is made and the safe removed to be cracked in some lonely spot many miles away.

The oxy-acetylene cutter is out of date. Incendiary powders which generate terrific heat have conquered many safes impregnable to other methods.

SPEED has not stopped short at the motor-car. Aeroplanes do not make matters easier for the law-abiding citizen alone. They are very useful to the modern criminal as well.

Not long ago a man arrested for forgery of Post Office Savings Bank books asked that 124 similar offences should be taken into consideration. He had defeated the police for a long time because of the speed with which he moved from place to place. He escaped arrest at Bristol by chartering an aeroplane and flying to Cardiff.

There are new fashions in murder, too—although murder itself is less "fashionable" than it was. It is about 25 per cent. less probable that a law-abiding citizen will be murdered in England than it was thirty years ago.

Paris police are now investigating the amazing crimes of Eugene Wiedmann, the mass-killer—one of whose five victims was the young American dancer Jean de Koven, who vanished last July.

It is known that Wiedmann, with a gang of four or five, was in touch with people in England who had been selected as possible victims of his murder, blackmail and kidnapping racket.

Many more mysterious "disappearances" may be explained when the investigation is complete.

England is afflicted with the same kind of danger. Scotland Yard is still investigating the murder of a woman which took place in a flat in Bath Row, Euston Road, London, nearly four months ago. There is good reason to believe that this tragedy is connected with a series of others which have baffled the police.

IN November, 1935, a woman known as Martin, or French Fifi, was murdered. In April, 1936, another woman, Cotten or Corisino, met her death. In May, Leah Smith was strangled in Old Compton Street, London.

There is reliable evidence in the cases of Martin and Cotten that two French gunmen flew to London to silence them, and returned to Paris immediately by the next 'plane.

Who wanted to silence them and why? Their deaths were demanded by the chiefs of the blackmail ring which has its agents in every big city.

Only a few weeks ago a man was sentenced in London to a heavy term of penal servitude. He was one of the organisers of the blackmail business. Attractive young men and women had been posted at good hotels to lie in wait for victims and compromise them.

Max Kassel, murdered by one of his competitors named Lacroix, or Vernon, in January, 1936, was another blackmailer.

Soho is the centre of this kind of criminal organisation, which works closely with the white slave and drug traffic. The police know it, and the Home Office knows it. But those who could speak will not.

They fear gang vengeance.

Gangsterdom of one kind or another is becoming fashionable in England and we do not possess the machinery to fight it. It begins not among the experienced criminals, but at school.

The London County Council is alive to the danger. An official told me that the Council had recently been greatly concerned with a new type of potentially delinquent boy who deliberately organised gangs of his companions to commit theft, and even write anonymous letters demanding money with menaces.

It is this type of youth which is setting the new fashion of organised crime.

Blackmail, the drug and the white slave traffics are not the only types of crime which are highly-organised. There are new fashions in forgery.

Altering and manipulating cheques has become a highly-specialised criminal profession.

In 1935 an expert in this art was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. His name is Jack Seymour, and he and his gang were a good example of the "rationalisation" of crime.

Seymour's organisation interacted and interlocked with the mail robbers.

And New Fashions in Detection!

A cashier's satchel that discharges four shots and emits a smoke cloud to the confusion of the snatcher . . .

Mail-bag robbers cannot deal with cheques, but Seymour could and did. He employed, as a kind of liaison officer, a man named Smith, whose duty it was to make contact and co-operate with criminals in other lines of business to their mutual advantage. Most of the material which he forged originally came out of a mail-bag.

Seymour had carefully studied the chemistry of paper and ink, and his technique for removing writing from paper by chemicals was highly developed.

In the course of his "experiments" he devised a method of making cheques proof against fraudulent manipulation and tried to sell it to a well-known bank!

Seymour made big money, lived in style, and mixed with companions who had no idea of his occupation.

One of the most serious results of these recent developments in crime is that the wages of sin have increased just as the wage level of the honest worker.

Ten years ago the value of property stolen in London was about £500,000. In 1932 it reached the alarming total of over £1,300,000; and it still stands at nearly a million. House-breakers, who used to think in hundreds, think in thousands, and forgers in tens of thousands.

No figures are available to tell us what is the total cost of crime to the community every year, but it is certainly 300 to 400 per cent. higher than it was twenty years ago.

Nor do the crime costs finish there. The price we pay for crime detection in this country is, roughly, £24,000,000 a year—and this does not include legal costs.

AT the present time in England there are what can only be called criminal professors—law-breakers who give courses of instruction to their less-experienced colleagues on how to become efficient in their profession and escape detection.

We have not quite reached the point of the American crime college, but we have its practical equivalent.

It is therefore not surprising that the indictable offences known to the police exceed the number of people tried for indictable offences by more than 100 per cent.—in spite of the elaborate nature of detective organisation.

Bother for Blondes

Sentence of the Court

BLONDES of every known hue—peroxide, chromium, old gold, calcium, dog biscuit, platinum and yellow ochre—crowded the gallery of Mr. Justice Bull's Court, where Mr. F. V. Houle pleaded "Not guilty" of action in restraint of trade.

* * *

Opening for the prosecution, Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that the jury might think the offence a trivial one. But an important principle was at stake, involving the question whether an employer is justified in denying young women the right to work because he dislikes the colour scheme they have selected for their hair.

"The accused," continued counsel, "is an hotel proprietor who, addressing the Margate Hotel and Boarding House Association, declared: 'Artificial blondes have only one thought in their fluffy little heads, that is men and a good time.'

"I doubt if the hair of many blondes will turn grey through having incurred Mr. Houle's displeasure. What I am concerned with is the effect his statement is likely to have on the British dye industry.

"Observing how regularly it is the blonde who gets her man on the screen, a girl may well reach the conclusion that none but the fair deserve the brave, and so forthwith join the gold rush. But what justification is there for assuming that if she changes the colour of her hair her character also will change?

"Since the accused directed his remarks solely against *artificial* blondes, the implication is that the use of peroxide and similar preparations turns grey matter into solid ivory and automatically changes a sensible young woman into a dumb belle.

* * *

"It may be true," said Mr. Strawsplitter, "that gentlemen prefer blondes, but hoteliers are entitled to prefer brunettes. To the suggestion that my client would deny these chemical products the right to work, his reply is that he merely denies them the right to smirk in his employ and at his expense.

"When a young female changes the hue of her hair, then, chameleon-like, she takes the colour of her surroundings, imagines that she is now permanently on the gold standard and is apt to regard a spot of work as an unworthy interlude in the private life of a synthetic Helen of Troy."

"Nowadays those whom the boys love dye young," remarked Mr. Justice Bull: "but if at Margate this has the deplorable effects alleged by the prisoner, then there must be something in the seaside 'hair,' for in other places self-made blondes seem well able to hold their own in business.

"When young women go to the trouble and expense to improve on Nature's handiwork it ill becomes male critics to treat them as a new manifestation of the yellow peril. The trouble with the prisoner appears to be that he is a Die-Hard in an age of Dye-Hards, and refuses to make allowance for a touch of the old Adam in the nature of the new Eve.

"Fortunately for him, the jury of fair ladies that has found him guilty has not also the power to fix the penalty. If they had he might be in danger of (once again) losing his head, instead of merely being sentenced to lose his prejudices."

Y. Z.

Streets like this, *spacious, tree-lined and free from traffic, where families can live in attractively-designed homes, are what Britain must have if all her children are to be as healthy and carefree as the three you see below.*

Britain needs *more children like these, for too many of the nation's youth are stunted physically and mentally by being forced to play amid the dustbins in an alley such as this*

These fine kiddies, *and thousands like them could be transferred to new and properly-planned towns, where men and women have both their work and the countryside within easy walking distance. Then Britain's youth will come into its heritage.*

We Want

Britain's big industrial centres, swollen by populations who have migrated from the distressed areas, are straggling over the countryside, presenting the nation with a new slum problem. This article suggests a solution—adding fifty new towns to the map of Britain that will rehouse 250,000 people within walking distance of their work and the countryside.

By GEORGE EDINGER

BRITAIN needs fifty new towns.

Fifty new towns? you will say. But there will be no country left. And why build new towns when the old ones are already spreading so swiftly?

The new towns, all fifty, would cover one four-hundredth part of the soil of Britain. Each could house fifty thousand people in four square miles.

A quarter of a million people would be rehoused and the beauty of our countryside would hardly be affected at all.

Now, about the spread of the old towns. Do you know what that process costs us in human life? Approximately 21,000 lives a year in infant mortality alone.

Official figures show that in a town properly planned to give its people light, air, and easy access to their work—I can think of two in all Britain—twenty-five babies die in every thousand. And in a town that just grows "naturally," as nearly all our towns do grow, anything from 60 to 120 babies die in every thousand.

But that is only the beginning. A few days ago Lord Horder spoke of the agonising results of rush-hour traffic in big cities, of the strain put on the thousands who crowd to and from work every day.

In London, at the rush hour, there are 12,000 passengers for every 4,000 seats.

A census was taken recently among 600 girls working in a factory. Out of 340 who had a journey of more than 20 minutes to their work, 124 got a seat every morning and 98 never got a seat at all.

★ ★ ★

These girls paid on the average 4s. a week in fares—enough to give each a glass of milk, an orange and an apple a day—for the privilege of enjoying the experience reserved for a sardine after it is dead.

Doctors go on complaining about the disastrous results of it all, but while towns go on growing in the present expensive, ugly and wasteful way, their protests will be in vain.

This development devours the countryside that gives us health. Were its people not recruited from the countryside London would die out after four generations.

This development is covering the fields which should grow our food.

This development is wrecking the woodlands whose timber we cannot afford to lose.

This development, by packing the roads with traffic, has been swelling the death-roll of accidents.

This development is building new towns round the roads as fast as we build expensive new roads round the towns.

Slum clearance is adding to the trouble. As fast as we move people from the slums of yesterday into the slums of to-morrow on the edge of the towns, we wreck the health of those we transfer, making them travel long, expensive journeys, pay high rents, and forcing them into under-nourishment.

Just because it is too late to control or plan these uncontrollable monsters whose only use seems to be the provision of targets no enemy aircraft could miss, I say I want to see us begin again and build fifty new towns.

★ ★ ★

Fifty towns that are properly planned and self-contained. Fifty towns where every man could walk to his work and walk to the open country, too.

I know we have been trying. We have been putting up blocks of flats on the slum sites for some people, and moving out the others into new suburbs where there are only twelve houses to the acre.

But I say that both processes are disastrous. The Englishman likes privacy, and the Englishman wants companionship.

In the new blocks there is no privacy. On the housing estates there is no companionship.

In the flats there is no front door and no backyard. There are regulations against keeping dogs or cats, or, for that matter, rabbits, for the children.

There is no space for the grown-ups to follow a hobby.

If there is a playground, it is so far off that mothers get anxious and stop the children going to it.

If the children go to bed early they cannot sleep because of the wireless or the talk of the grown-ups. If the grown-ups keep silent for the sake of the children there might as well be no family life at all.

On the housing estate it is even worse. The rent is so high compared with the old rents that whole families go short to pay it. There is a long journey to work, which means being tired before the day begins. The same exhausting journey when work is over.

Houses straggle, and that makes the laying on of light and water expensive. Rates are high.

A thousand people are housed in a four-mile stretch. It is too far to walk to the shops or the inn to visit friends. It is dangerous to cross the road. Children and

Fifty New Towns—*and so do they:*

animals are always in danger of being run over.

I have just been talking to an ex-Service architect who made it his business to find out how his old comrades have been living since the war.

This was how one of them summed up the experience of all on a housing estate.

"I was turned out of my house because the street I lived in was pulled down. I rented a house in a new dormitory suburb.

"I stuck it seven months; rent and fares ruined me. There was no sociability in the place. Everything at tip-top prices. We moved to another suburb. I cleared out after five months.

"Now I have got an old house in the East End. We are much happier and better off."

A county councillor in London told me not long ago that the want of friendliness in these new dormitory suburbs had, to his knowledge, led to three suicides.

The fifty new towns we need would be towns, not dormitory suburbs, garden cities, patches of development or colonies of bungalows.

But towns where every family would have its own home, where there would be factories, churches, cinemas, gardens, and a green belt of surrounding country to stop the place growing too large.

Towns where the people would be housed in terraces properly designed by good architects. There is no reason why these terraces should be less beautiful than those eighteenth century and Regency terraces which we say we ought to preserve for ever, and which, in fact, we destroy every day.

There is no doubt about the advantage of these new towns. We know that infant mortality would be down by at least half, because that has happened at Welwyn and Letchworth, where something of the kind was tried.

★ ★ ★

We know they would avoid the rush-hour crush because there would be no great distance to rush. We know they would be easily controlled in peace, easily evacuated in war.

Nor is there any lack of suggestions about designing them. One scheme has been propounded by the ex-Serviceman architect I spoke of, J.47,485.

In the centre he puts his square with civic buildings. Another quarter is reserved for factories, and this quarter lies on the railway and the canal. As all England is covered with railways and canals it should not be impossible to place our fifty new towns where they have these facilities.

Beyond the railway lies an aerodrome. At the furthest quarter from all this—and where its noise would not be heard—lies the residential area, built in terraces, each terrace with its frontage of garden and each built up of self-contained homes.

Between the two is the shopping quarter. J.47,485 thinks nobody should live in it. He wants to have a bazaar which would be empty of all inhabitants after business hours. It would give emergency space in case of flood, or fire, or air-raids, or rebuilding, he says.

Another scheme has been modelled by a group of young architects in London. It provides for crèches in the shopping centre, which is not isolated, but surrounds the business sector.

It also has the advantage of showing how a town could be built where nobody can be run over. There are no cross-roads in the residential area, but only footpaths. Where roads do cross in the other areas, they are either raised or tunnelled.

Nor is it only in theory that Britain contains such a wealth of material. We have actually built magnificent power-stations, hospitals, docks and factories. We have fine residential suburbs, good trading estates, well-planned layouts, green belts carefully preserved.

★ ★ ★

The fact that most power-stations are hideous, that hospitals are being run up in the busiest, noisiest places, that factories are being dumped among houses, and new slums are being created day by day, does not detract from the fact that we have the capacity to do all these things—although we have not yet contrived to do them all together.

One town has a good power-station, another a fine factory, a third a well-planned estate, a fourth a green belt.

The new towns we want to see would possess all these things together. And the employment they would give to architects, builders, designers, artisans, bricklayers and gardeners would be sufficient to tide us over the next three slumps.

The scheme would be expensive, but not so expensive as the armaments programme. It would cost about a thousand million pounds every year for ten years—less £150,000,000 a year which we are now spending on Unemployment relief.

In time, of course, the rents from the towns would repay the entire capital. So, were we to regard the whole scheme as an investment, with the rents accruing as interest on the capital sum, it would certainly be a very profitable investment.

Something of the kind was done on a small scale in Guernsey a hundred years ago, when St. Peter Port was rebuilt after the Napoleonic Wars. The initial outlay was covered by the issue of pound notes.

As the rents came in pound by pound the original notes were gradually destroyed, and Guernsey had acquired a new capital free of charge.

I think we are too inclined to forget that money, like time, was created by man for his own convenience, not to deter him from trying to increase his happiness and well-being.

Yet in the development of our cities money-making has been not the first, but generally the only, consideration

The sites for the new towns once purchased, the next step—to attract the necessary industry to them—would not be hard.

Low rates, the airport, rail and canal facilities, and the provision of housing for workers would do that easily.

Industry gravitates to places where rates are low. That is why it is moving south to the fringes of a London that already contains one person out of every five in Great Britain.

When industry moves out, population moves along with it. People do want to move. If we are to have a healthy nation, people must move.

In Edinburgh men and women are living 1,000 to the acre. Nearly a third of Newcastle's inhabitants are confined to one or two rooms. Less than half the people of London have homes of their own.

But when new towns had relieved the pressure of population, overcrowded families in the old towns would spread out into the emptied houses. Space would be left for more gardens, parks and playgrounds.

Of course, a good deal would depend upon the use we made of that space. In Manchester the slumland cleared in the centre of the city is being planned as an open space with lawns, trees and playgrounds.

Birmingham's slums are being laid out as a new civic centre, with a generous sweep of grass between the buildings.

If the transfer to the new towns were intelligently handled, there would not only be new open spaces in the old ones, but many dwellings now used to house two or three families could be knocked into one.

Health, space, beauty, employment, preservation of the countryside, elimination of the rush hour, and safety from air attack are advantages enough to set against any number of difficulties.

Mrs. M. Hill, Camberwell, S.E.5:—

"First of all, a nursery with a clinic attached, where a working mother could leave her children during the day. Then I would like to see the shops all in one centre, not straggling all over the place. My house would have three bedrooms and two living rooms. I could pay £1 a week with rates."

Mr. Frank Waite Leedell, Peckham, S.E.15:—

"It must have a football field, cinema, pub and old-time music-hall. The house for me would have two bedrooms, three living rooms, all with good high ceilings, and be all-electric. I would be willing to pay £1 a week, inclusive of rates."

Mr. T. H. Mills, Chingford:—

"Playing fields, swimming pool, golf course, library, cinema and public-house are the most important amenities. I need a house with four bedrooms and three living rooms. If I could become the owner, I would pay 35s. a week."

Miss B. McCormack, Ilford:—

"I would also like to see all the shops in one centre, and there would be a car park handy. My house would have to be semi-detached and, if possible, with four bedrooms and three living rooms. I would like to buy at a cost, including rates, of 35s. a week."

Miss Lorna Maynard, Sutton, Surrey:—

"Shops confined to one centre would save housewives endless time and trouble, and it would be a good idea to keep this centre free from traffic. My ideal house would be semi-detached, with three bedrooms, two living rooms, and a large garden with space for a garage. Rent would be about 30s. a week and there would be hire-purchase facilities."

Mr. George Fairman, Bromley, Kent:—

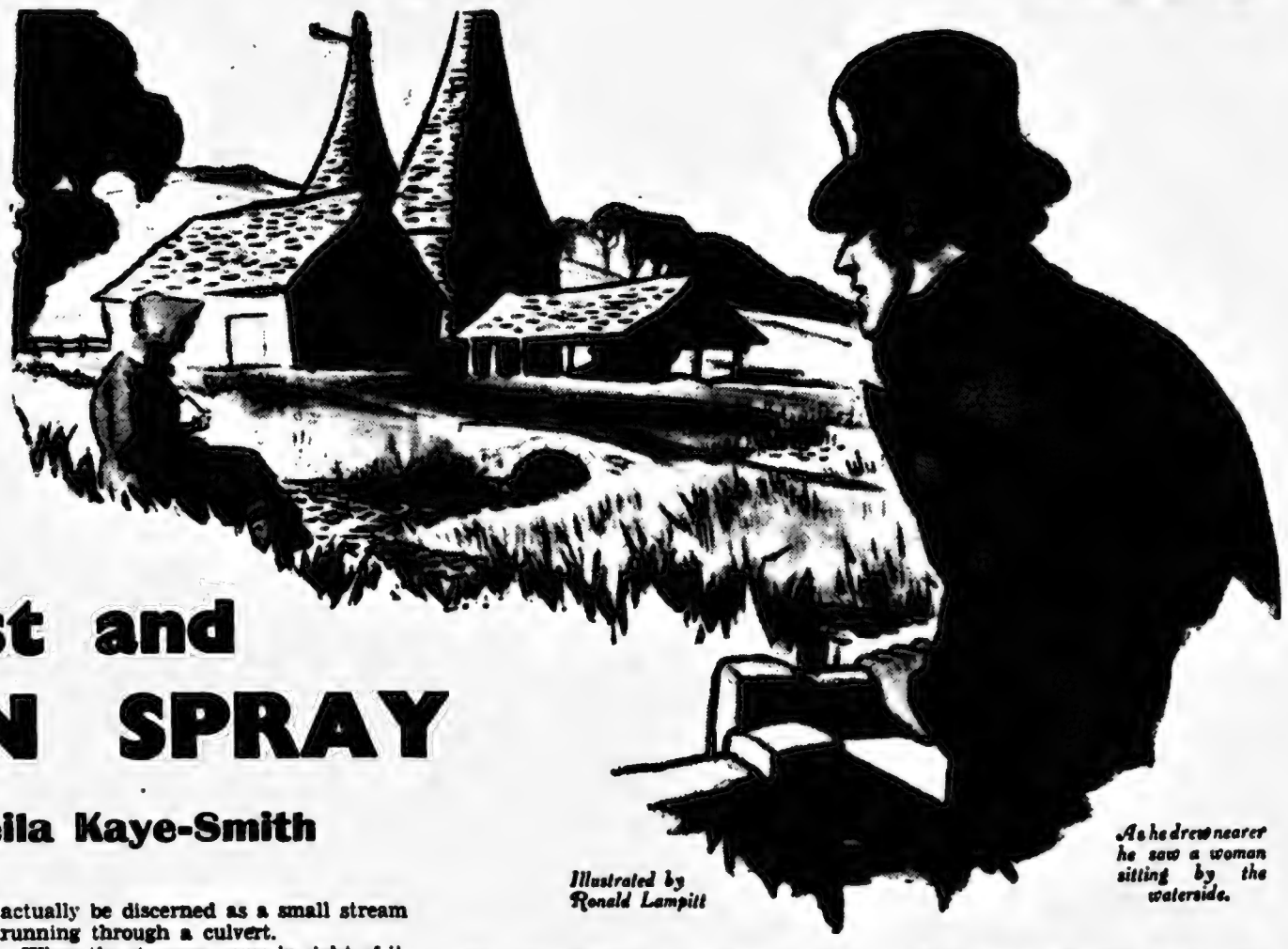
"Spacious, tree-lined streets, a park, playing fields and golf course are the first essentials. I would like a bungalow home with two bedrooms and three living rooms, equipped throughout with electricity. Twenty-five shillings a week with rates would be a fair price, especially if there was a chance to become the owner."

Sequels to Great Novels by Famous Authors

Susan Spray was the heroine of Sheila Kaye-Smith's novel of that name and one of her best-liked characters. In this "sequel" short story Susan lives as vividly as ever

A Ghost and SUSAN SPRAY

By Sheila Kaye-Smith



Illustrated by Ronald Lampitt

As he drew nearer he saw a woman sitting by the waterside.

TO the unenlightened, carnal eye, the Temple of Jehovah-Jireh was just a plain brick barn, with oast-houses at the corners, the very same that eight years ago had been the lodge and kilns of Hayes Farm.

But to the eyes of the Elect it shone as the earthly shape of that heavenly temple written of by Ezekiel the Prophet, the temple from which flows the eternal river, the Water of Life. This could actually be discerned as a small stream running through a culvert.

When the stranger came in sight of it, it had just lost the sunshine of a spring afternoon—the spring of the year 1868.

The stranger was a shabby man—his clothes were old and his linen was not quite clean—but he was also a handsome man, though past his youth, with a bright, lively glance.

As he drew near, he saw a woman sitting by the waterside; again he lacked the supernatural insight that would have revealed her to him as the Priestess and Preacher of the Jirites. He saw her instead as a fine, shapely, middle-aged woman, contentedly dozing in the sunshine and smoking a pipe.

Lord, what a sleepy lot they are round here! Even Susan looks sleepy—and a pipe, too. That's a new idea, and I don't know that I altogether approve of it.

She's still handsome enough, but she's getting on—filling out a little bit too much for my fancy. The man must have made her pretty comfortable . . . well, that suits me all right.

★ ★ ★

He opened the gate in the fence and trod all unknowing on holy ground. The Priestess was still asleep—at least her eyes were shut, though the fact that her pipe was alight suggested that she pulled at it occasionally. The stranger coughed an introduction.

"Ahem! So you've taken to a pipe, my dear?"

She started awake. Perhaps he had been a fool to appear before her so suddenly, but the temptation had been too much for him. He hoped she would not scream.

Nor did she. Merely she stared at him, while her eyes seemed to grow larger and larger. Then she held out her hand and made a movement as if she brushed him off the landscape.

"No," she muttered to herself, "it's still there."

"What's still there?"

"Charley's ghost."

"Oh, so I'm a ghost, am I?" For a moment he wondered if she had received that letter he had written her eight years ago. Perhaps it had miscarried, and she still thought him dead, drowned in the foundering of the *Lewisohn*. . . . But he had no sooner wondered than he doubted his own surmise.

"No, no, my dear. You know very well that I'm not a ghost. You can drop all that now."

She dropped it so suddenly that he was startled.

"Then come along indoors. I can't possibly speak to you out here. Folk might see us."

"That's my Susan—always careful of appearances."

She was leading the way into the building, but she turned and faced him.

"It's what I ought to be, being Head of a Church."

"Very right and proper. Let not a breath of scandal touch Pope Joan."

"You've no call to say that—you're mocking me."

They entered a room in one of the oasts, a round room, warm and smoky with a wood fire, and comfortably furnished. Susan sat down in an armchair and pointed to another; but just as he was going to take it an impulse moved him and he changed his mind.

"Before we start talking I'd better show you for certain I'm not a ghost."

He seized her by the shoulders, pulled her up out of her chair and kissed her. At once he knew that the old magic had gone—he did not have to worry about that side of things. But he did not feel so sure about her; she was trembling violently as he let her go.

She said in a low voice:

"How dare you do that?"

"I'm your husband, dear. Had you forgotten?"

"You're not my husband. I'm married to David Pell."

"No, my love. That's just where you're mistaken. You're married to Charles Clarabut. Your relationship to David Pell is one I prefer not to specify."

"How dare you insult me! I married him in Lambeth Parish Church."

"Bigamously, dear Susan, bigamously. And the punishment for bigamy is, I think, anything up to ten years' penal servitude."

★ ★ ★

She sank into her chair.

"Why have you come back? You promised you never would."

"Alas! I was powerless to keep my word. Circumstances have compelled me to seek you out."

"What circumstances?"

"My extreme poverty."

She reddened angrily.

"So it's money you want."

"Really, Susan, you're too brutally direct. But since you put it that way, I must answer that, yes, it is money."

"Well, you won't get any from me."

"Surely you won't refuse me; you loved me once."

"That was before . . ." and to his intense surprise she burst out crying.

He hesitated whether he should take her into his arms again, but decided not to. Better play his game without complications of that sort.

"Now, now, my dear, don't upset yourself for nothing. You can easily afford to give me what I want. David Pell is a rich man."

"How do you know?"

"Because I know you, Susan, and I know you wouldn't marry anyone who wasn't either very rich or very handsome. Therefore, as David Pell is not at all handsome, I know that he must be excessively rich."

"You don't know he isn't handsome—you've never set eyes on him."

"Your pardon, but I have. He was

(Continued on page 24)

Car. 3318

SORE THROATS AND BEARDS

Recently, in a Sunday newspaper, we read an account of a colony of simple lifers. These people live on 12/- a week, make all their own clothes, grow all their own food. The men, besides growing food, grow beards. And, said one of them proudly, "none of us ever has a sore throat." But what of the ladies? For their sakes and for the sakes of all beardless men, living the "normal" life of the average breadwinner, we pass on this hint from "H.C." :—

"I am a victim to colds every year at this time, and have warded off several by using Milton as a gargle twice daily, and also as a nasal douche. This latter use of Milton has proved of the greatest benefit, invariably dispersing the cold in a few hours."

Use Milton regularly as a gargle throughout the cold season, and you will prevent many a cold. If you should fall a victim, if you perhaps have a cold already, start using Milton at once. Half a teaspoon to a tumbler of tepid or warm water as a gargle, quarter teaspoon to a tumbler (not more) for spraying or sniffing up the nose. It is the safest of all germicides, and its wonderful cleansing action brings untold relief. It clears away the bacteria-laden mucus from nose and throat passages without harming the delicate mucous membrane. Keep a bottle of Milton always handy. It costs only 6d. and its regular use will keep mouth, nose and throat healthy and disease-resisting. And for cuts and abrasions, Milton is a wonderful healer, as well as the finest antiseptic you can use. Infinitely less painful than iodine, and far more effective.

The demand for CAPSTAN increases daily – say W.D. & H.O.WILLS

"They don't 'arf keep us busy, they don't". . .
"'Oo do?". . . . .
"They don't!"

WILLS'S
CAPSTAN CIGARETTES.
10 FOR 6D. 20 FOR 11½D.

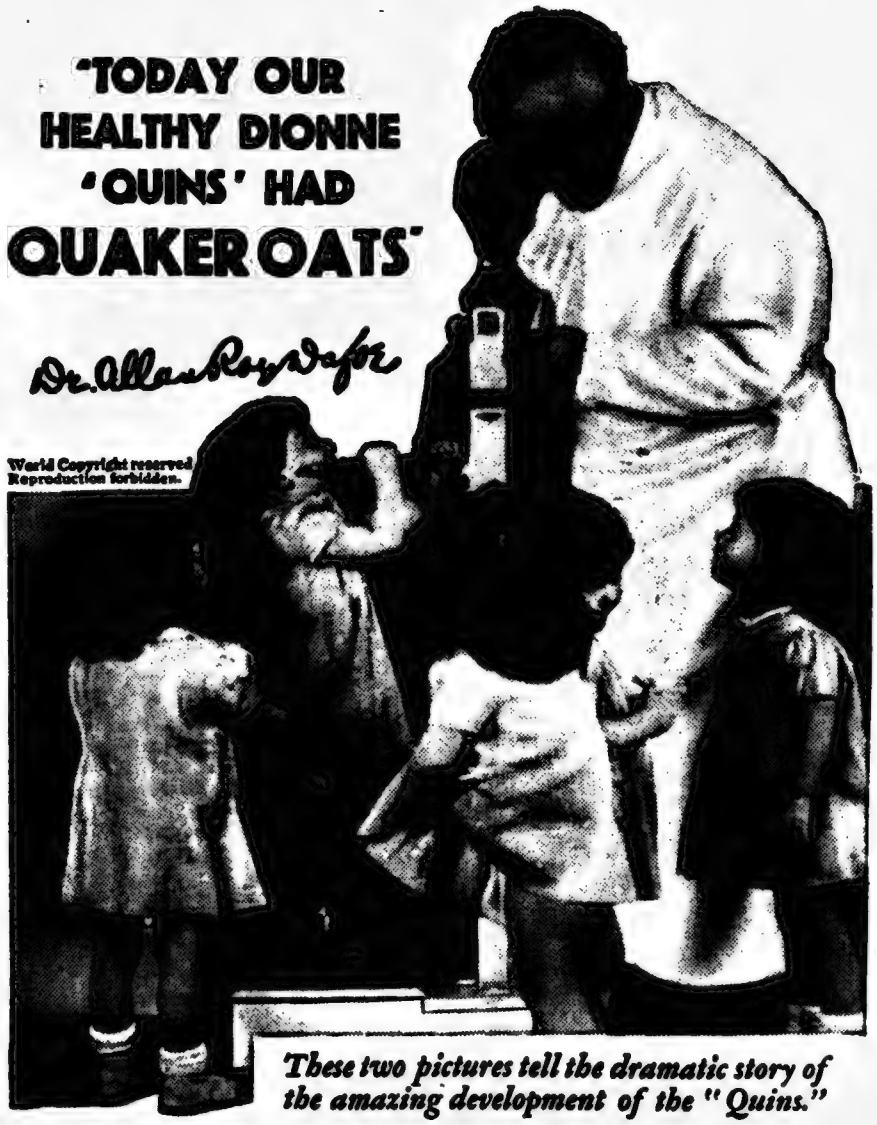
C.C.0021.

So tiny were the "Quins" when they were born that they could rest quite easily in the palm of your hand! The total weight of all five was only 13 lbs. 6 ozs.!

The Scales tell a Different Story Now!

"TODAY OUR HEALTHY DIONNE 'QUINS' HAD QUAKER OATS"

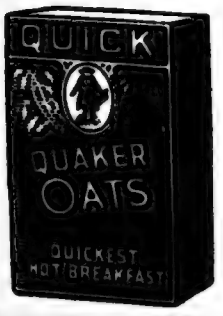
Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe



These two pictures tell the dramatic story of the amazing development of the "Quins."

From tiny frail mites weighing just over 2½ lbs. each, the "Quins" have blossomed into five lovely little ladies, healthy, normal and full weight for their age of three years! What a great part Quaker Oats has played in building them up! For by giving the "Quins" delicious, creamy Quaker Oats every day since before they were 12 months old, the experts have kept them safe from dreaded constipation, "nerviness" and poor appetite.

The "*nerve-nourishing*" Vitamin B in Quaker has been their safeguard. Lack of this vitamin is a proved cause of "nerves," constipation and no appetite. Guard against these in your children by giving them Quaker Oats every day! Your grocer sells the same Quaker Oats that the "Quins" have—both come from the same great Quaker Mills in sunny Canada.



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If your hair is dry and lifeless — that's Dry Scalp. It leads to falling hair, dandruff, and even baldness.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to end Dry Scalp. Every morning sprinkle on a few drops, rub in with finger tips until scalp tingles pleasantly. Then brush your hair.

This hair dressing keeps your hair perfectly in place; *at the same time it does your scalp good all day long.* Soon your hair will be healthier, stronger. You'll never suffer from Dry Scalp troubles again.

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The hair dressing that ends DRY SCALP

NEW!
'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO makes your scalp cleaner! (Soap leaves scum on scalp like on side of bath.) Price 4d. 4564

Continuing Sequel to

SUSAN SPRAY

Meet the popular characters of "Love on the Dole," Walter Greenwood's famous novel and play, in next week's "Sequel" short story.

pointed out to me in Rye only yesterday. I've been spending a few days in Rye, you know—just to look round and make enquiries. And the result of my enquiries is that David Pell is a very, very rich man, and you, my love, have a very important position to lose."

Her sobs thickened.

"Maybe I've lost it already with your enquiries."

"Oh, no. Nobody has the slightest idea who I am. My interest in you and your husband is purely religious. I came here with a view to joining the Jirites. Now, I doubt if I shall do so—unless bigamy is one of their distinctive tenets."

"Have done with mocking me. How much do you want?"

"A little cheque for five thousand pounds? Surely you can easily spare me that."

"How on earth can I get hold of all that money?"

"I leave the exact method to yourself to determine. But have it I must, and by to-morrow, too. You'd better get him to make the cheque out to you and bring it to me endorsed."

"But David 'ull never give me a cheque for five thousand pounds. You can't expect it of him."

"I do; at least I expect it of you. Come, Sue, you know how to get it. Don't tell me you've lost your knack. Tell him it's a divine Revelation—tell him the Lord wants it. If I know you, you'll get it all right with the help of the Lord."

"And if I don't get it . . ."

"Then, my dear, I'll be sorry for you. As I said before, the sentence for bigamy is often quite a long one. Come, you've a nice little place here, plenty of money, a kind husband, a church and a congregation who think a lot of their High Priestess. Believe me, it's worth taking some trouble to keep them."

★ ★ ★

"But even suppose I do find the money—heaven knows it ain't likely, but even suppose I do—how shall I know you won't start all this over again? You're nothing but a dirty blackmailer."

"Hush, Susan. That's rude. But, never mind; I quite see your point. And to prove to you that I'm going to fight fair I'll promise you something. As soon as I've got the money and set myself up on it, I'll get married myself."

"Are you in love with anyone?"

He nearly laughed again, for her voice sounded quite angry. Did she still care for him enough to feel jealous?

"No—no one yet. But there are plenty of pretty girls about; and I promise to marry one of them before the year is out and send you an announcement of the marriage. Then you'll know you're safe, for I'll be just as much a bigamist as you are, and if I start blackmailing you again you can blackmail me. That's fair, isn't it?"

"I suppose so. Will you come here again to-morrow?"

"No—on the whole, I think it would be wiser not to. I'll meet you in Hastings—no one knows me there. Could you manage to drive in to-morrow afternoon?"

"Yes, I suppose I could manage it."

"Then meet me at two o'clock at the corner of George Street, by the sea; don't forget to have the cheque ready endorsed. Now I really must be going: it would put too much strain on us both if your husband came in."

She stood up, and he had a feeling that she would not have been sorry if he had taken her again in his arms. Extraordinary woman! It was wonderful how little she had changed, after all.

The next day was dark and windy. Charles Clarabut stood shivering.

He cursed Susan for being late. She should pay for it dearly if she didn't come—or even if she did; he would enjoy frightening her a bit.

At last he saw her, dressed demurely in a black drawn bonnet and a large grey shawl. She came walking towards him, her skirts belling out behind her like a trailing balloon.

"Well, here you are at last. Have you got the cheque?"

"No, Charley."

He stared at her.

"What do you mean?"

"I've changed my mind."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

★ ★ ★

She held up her handkerchief to her face with a gloved hand that trembled. Her eyes were cast down, and she looked a totally different woman from yesterday.

"Listen, Charley, I've been thinking things over, and I see it all clearly now. I still love you."

"Yes——"

"Yes, listen to me. After you had gone yesterday I knew that, now you've come back, I just couldn't bear the thought of living any longer with David Pell—or the thought of your marrying anyone else. I knew that—oh, Charley, it's just as I said. I love you. I love you."

"Susan, you're not telling me you want us to be man and wife again?"

He felt himself turn cold.

"That's just what I'm telling you. Directly I saw you yesterday I knew that in spite of everything I was still yours. And now I've come to you——"

"But, Sue, you can't."

"I don't care how poor we are. I'm sick of David Pell and his money. I'm tired of preaching. I want love again. Let me come back with you to London and I'll write to David and say I've found out you're still alive—that I'd had a false report of your death."

"He'll never want to keep me after that, for he's a respectable man. And nobody would ever run me in for bigamy, for I'll have left him directly I heard you weren't drowned. It can't be proved that your letter ever reached me all those years ago."

★ ★ ★

Clarabut was speechless. He knew that, whatever happened, he did not want Susan back.

"Charley, you still love me, don't you?"

"No," he heard himself saying desperately. "No."

"But when you kissed me . . ."

"That was only just a greeting after all those years; it showed me plainly—as these things do show—that all that sort of business is over between us. Honestly, Susan, we'd be miserable together."

"But what about the bigamy?"

"My dear, can't we keep each other's counsel? After all, if I refuse to live with you when you ask me and send you back to Pell, I'm making myself accessory after the fact."

"You're sending me back to Pell? Oh, Charley, don't . . . I tell you, I'm shut of him."

Clarabut had a sudden spasm of fear.

"Does he know about me?"

"No—but he won't let me have that money. I tried and it was no good. He said he couldn't let even the Lord Himself have that much."

"Never mind about the money. I'll let you off, Susan, if you'll let me off. It's a bargain."

"Let you off—is that what you call it?"

Her eyes flashed.

"Don't get me wrong. I've loved you, Susan—the Lord knows that I've loved you. But I can't forget our quarrels. And after all, we've been apart nearly ten years."

"It's you who put an end to that."

"I know, and I'm sorry. I'd no idea . . . well, anyway, Sue, sweet as you are, I know that we'd never make anything of life together. You're beautiful, but we don't suit."

"You still think I'm beautiful?"

"More beautiful than ever. It's simply that . . . well, I've told you. Besides, you've got the Church of Jehovah-Jireh to think of and your position as High Priestess. My dear, don't throw yourself away."

Her resistance seemed to go. Her head fell forward, though her eyes still gazed out mournfully to the angry sea.

"Very well, Charley."

"Now be a good girl and get off home. How will you go back?"

"As I came—in the gig, with Boorman driving me."

"Then off you go. We'd better not be seen too long talking together here."

"You won't forget your promise?"

"To hold my tongue? No, of course not. Besides, I've told you—I hope myself to get married before long."

★ ★ ★

He had no sooner uttered the words than he wondered if they would plunge her back into amorous frenzy, but all she said was:

"If you do, I hope she plagues you as you deserve and I pray you never break her heart as you've broke mine."

Then suddenly covering her face with her handkerchief, she turned and hurried away, blowing along the Parade towards the Fishmarket.

Half an hour later they were both some miles out of Hastings, he jolting rather forlornly in the train back to London, she driving homeward through the darkening lanes.

She sat beside Boorman on the high seat of the gig, and she still held her handkerchief over her face.

She did not want him to know she was laughing.

See them Made!

Come to a film "set" and see for yourself how a great film is made. In *The Picturegoer*, twopence, just out, a complete series of photographs taken on the set of the latest Hepburn film, "Bringing up Baby," lays bare many secrets of the movie-man.

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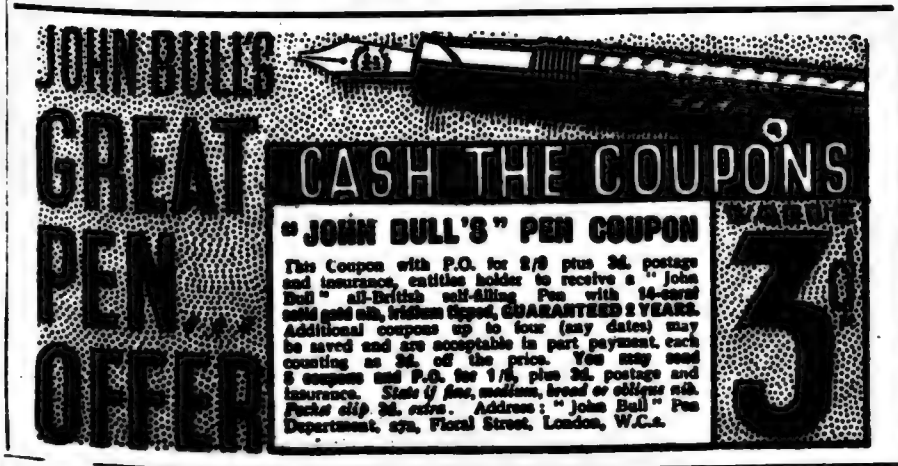

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IMPORTANT DISCOVERY BY MEDICAL RESEARCH BODY

WHEN your child starts to sniffle or cough, there is no use trying remedies that just ease the symptoms. These things do temporary good—but they don't get at the root of the trouble, so that the cold may hang on for weeks with a terribly weakening effect, and may even turn into influenza or worse.

The only quick, safe and permanent way to end your child's cold is by getting at the *cause*—reaching the cold at its very roots. The cause is simply that your child has not enough resistance to cold germs. To build up this resistance, so that your child's body can really *fight* the cold germs, you must give your child Scotts Brand Emulsion.

One of the most remarkable facts about Scotts Brand Emulsion is that it starts to work so *quickly*. A well-known Medical Research Body has discovered that

Immediately after your child has taken a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion, every drop goes to build up resistance to infection, particularly in the chest and lungs.

Besides fighting the *cause* of colds, Scotts Brand Emulsion strengthens and builds up the child's whole body. Children who are given Scotts Brand Emulsion regularly gain weight nearly twice as quickly, their appetites improve, their cheeks grow rosier and their legs and arms grow sturdier. Most important of all, they are *protected*, not only against colds, but against all kinds of winter illness as well.

Don't deny your child this splendid health and protection. Start giving him Scotts Brand Emulsion regularly from today.

SCOTTS BRAND **EMULSION**

THOSE MORNINGS WHEN YOUR HEAD'S ALL MUZZY

If there are mornings when you simply cannot get on with your work, if your brain won't concentrate and your head's all upside down, there's no need to go on struggling. You can have a clear head and get rid of all that muzziness and rotten feeling inside ten minutes. All you've got to do is to drop a couple of 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets in a glass of water and drink it when it's stopped fizzing. You'll be amazed how pleasant it is and how quickly it makes you feel better.

'Alka-Seltzer' is not a salts or a laxative. It's something quite new and different. It makes a pleasant, sparkling, refreshing drink that counteracts acidity, drives away the worst headache and makes you feel perfectly fit in no time. And 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets are simply wonderful for Indigestion, Wind and Heartburn. They are a double action cure. First they bring instant relief to the pain. Then they bring a permanent cure by counteracting the excess acid which is the cause of your trouble.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the 1/-). If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

One slip, and a boy's life became—

Human Documents by Philip Inman

NIGHTMARES OF THE PAST

MANY of my readers say to me, "If only I had the time over again, how differently I would act." Something has happened in the past which is a terrible nightmare to them. And so long as this shadow persists, life is scarcely worth living. One woman writes:

My daughter, who is nearly fifteen, was born through a great mistake when I was young and before I was married. Now I have been very happily married for twelve years, and she does not know that my husband is not her own father.

She recently started work in an office, and she has been asked for her birth certificate, which, of course, would reveal the secret. I feel it is my duty to tell her the truth soon, though how I do not know. My husband is a wonderful man and shows no distinction between this girl and her sister who is eleven years old. I should be most grateful if you would suggest a way out.

ENTIRELY do I agree with my correspondent. It is her duty to tell her daughter the truth, and it would be wise to do it soon. It can be done in a very kindly and tactful way.

This mother can point out the dangers and the temptations that beset young people, and she can go on to say, "I am talking to you like this because I don't want you to have my experience." From that point it would be natural to explain the circumstances of her birth.

If my correspondent tells simply of the terrible grief that her one lapse has been to her, I believe it will bring forth a warm response from the girl.

Here is a young man also suffering from the consequences of "the past." He says:

I am eighteen years old, and two years ago I obtained employment as a garage attendant. I gradually drifted into bad company and was eventually fined five pounds in court for stealing a car. Since then I have had three posts lasting three days, ten days and a fortnight respectively, and each time I have been dismissed because someone has told my employer of my conviction.

Yet, if I tell them myself when I go after a job, I never get any farther. I keep no company whatever now and, although only a young lad, I am being forced into the life of a recluse.

I am sorry for this young fellow. Because of that one mistake his whole life is being damned. But surely there must be a sympathetic and understanding employer who will give him a fresh chance. How is he to be found? Well, in this young man's town there must be a kindly disposed magistrate or minister of religion.

Let him be advised to make an appeal to one of them. Or he would, I believe, obtain help from the police-court missionary.

These two correspondents would admit that their problems have arisen through their own faults. But there are others whose lives are made unhappy because of past circumstances over which they had no control.

One man tells me this story:

While my wife was away on holiday a neighbour asked me if I would do her a good turn. She invited me into her house and asked me to sign her husband's name on a form. I did as she desired, and she then handed it to a man who took it away. The husband, by the way, is at sea, and when I asked her what it was all about she told me that the man to whom she had given the paper was a registered moneylender, and she had borrowed ten pounds in her husband's name. She assured me that I had no cause for worry as she would pay it back at the rate of ten shillings a week. Now she has come along again with the same request and, when I refused, threatened she would tell my wife all about it.

That would break up our home, as we have been so happy and I am wondering which is the best way out—prison, rope or the river?

What a fool this man has been! But he must not be a coward as well. The only way to deal with this blackmailing neighbour is to draw her claws. He can do that by telling his wife the whole story. He can point out that he acted in ignorance, and his only object was to do a kindly act. I think that would settle the matter. If, however, he hears any more about it the only thing he can do is to see a lawyer and explain to him what exactly has happened.

Can a home ever be complete without children? That is the question raised in my next two letters. The first one comes from a husband. He writes:

We have been married four years, and my wife has been greatly disappointed in losing two babies in childbirth. She is now told that we cannot hope to have any children of our own, and she is all in favour of our adopting a baby from an orphanage or a home.

I am not against it, but I point out that it will entail a certain amount of self-sacrifice, as my earnings are only about five pounds a week. I am not saying that we cannot afford it, but that it will curtail our savings and give us responsibility which we need not have.

THIS young man, I take it, is satisfied from the medical evidence that his wife cannot have children of her own. If he is, then I strongly urge him to consider seriously her suggestion. He wants her, I know, to be happy. This is one way by which he can achieve it for her.

Nothing can take the place of a child in the lives of some women. The husband talks of the expense and the responsibility. That would have been the case if they had had a family of their own. But they would be richly compensated by the joy and interest that a little one would bring into their lives.

My second letter on this question comes from a wife, who tells me that she has been married four years and is now twenty-seven years old. The letter goes on:

We are very happy except for one thing. My husband refuses to let me have a child. The reason for this is that his mother died at his birth and shortly afterwards his father was killed in an accident.

They had no relations, so he was brought up in an orphanage, and he swears that he will not run the risk either of losing me or of a child of his being deprived of its parents as he was. I have been to my doctor several times, who assures me that I would have only a minimum amount of trouble at childbirth.

Although I have pleaded with my husband, all he will say is, "I love you too much to run the risk of losing you." It seems such a pity, for he is in regular work and we are both fond of our home.

I CAN understand the feelings of the husband. But I say he is definitely wrong in his attitude. If he loves his wife, surely he should try to meet her wishes. The fact that his own childhood was tragic is certainly unfortunate, but he must remember that because such a thing happened in his own case, there is no reason why it should happen again.

Let him also bear in mind that there would be no need for some little child to be brought up in an orphanage if only he would take it into his home. My correspondent tells me that she has received assurances from her medical man.

As her husband refuses to listen to her, could not the doctor himself see him in order to remove those fears?

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

—Haunted by the shadow of the Law

Greatest of These

Jack

JACK, who greets our readers with so friendly a grin, is proud, perhaps, because, having reached the age of fourteen, he has just started to work, earning 10s. a week, which is a help to his ex-Service dad.

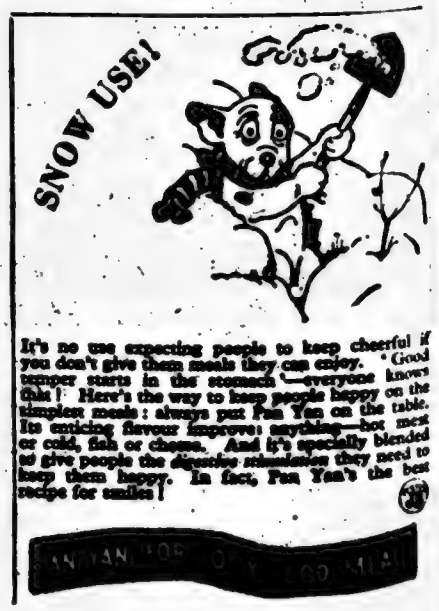
Jack's mother, who had been ill for two years, died recently in childbirth. The baby also died. "She was," says her husband, "completely run down, and needed proper nourishment."

Jack has two sisters, aged eleven and four years old. His father out of his unemployment benefit has to keep himself and them, and pay 13s. a week rent.

A little help for this widower and his three motherless children would cheer them up, and give them a happier outlook for this year of grace 1938.

Alec's father and Gwen's mother wish us to thank all subscribers who so kindly came to their help. Gwen's mother writes: "I am overjoyed to know that I have such kind friends."

Donations earmarked "Jack," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.



It's no use expecting people to keep cheerful if you don't give them meals they can enjoy. 'Good temper starts in the stomach'—everyone knows that! Here's the way to keep people happy on the simplest meals: always put Pan Yan on the table. Its enticing flavour improves anything—hot meat or cold, fish or cheese. And it's specially blended to give people the *digestive stimulation* they need to keep them happy. In fact, Pan Yan's the best recipe for smiles!

DIPLOMA LIMERICKS

£35

FIRST PRIZE £15
SECOND £5
THIRD £3
FOURTH £2
FOR LAST LINES TEN PRIZES each £1

A famous young crooner named Bill,
Lost his voice, the result of a chill,
He endeavoured to croon
Again, much too soon

SOME RHYMES: *fill, fulfil, grill, hill, ill, instil, jill, kill, mill, nil, pill, quadrille, rill, shrill, skill, still, thrill, till, trill, will.*

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12). WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.
Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, January 28, 1938. A List of Winners will be sent to every competitor.

DIPLOMA The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Cheddar or Cheshire 6d. and 1/- per box. D.407a.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.
Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Just a moment my Boy!

"DO YOU REALISE WHAT A HANDICAP UNTIDINESS IS NOWADAYS? TAKE MY ADVICE, KEEP YOURSELF SMART. AND DON'T FORGET THAT WELL-POLISHED SHOES ARE ESSENTIAL TO A SMART APPEARANCE. WHY DON'T YOU MAKE IT A HABIT TO POLISH YOUR SHOES EVERY MORNING WITH

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

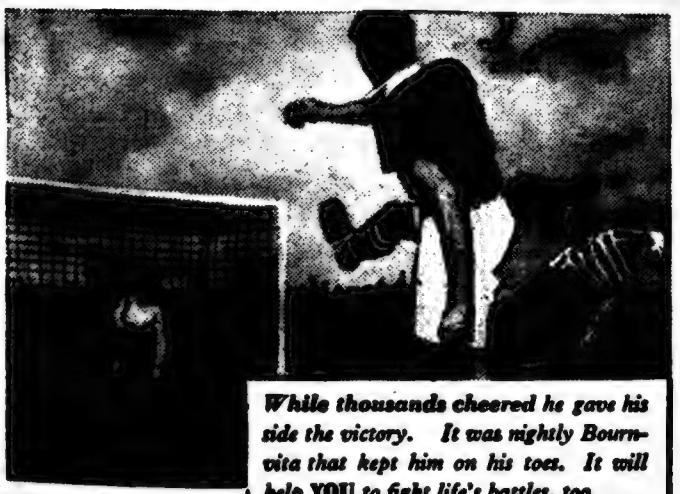
IT ONLY TAKES A MINUTE AND MAKES SHOES LOOK THEIR BEST

C.D.MX.9

History is made at night

HE SCORED THE WINNING GOAL THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MATCH

Not length of sleep but deep sleep is secret that makes life fuller—successes easier



While thousands cheered he gave his side the victory. It was nightly Bourn-vita that kept him on his toes. It will help **YOU** *to fight life's battles, too.*

IT was 2-all and a minute to go as he beat the tiring backs and crashed the ball into the net. He knew the secret of success—that a cool head and a clear eye can only be assured *the night before*—by sound, restoring sleep. Not *long* sleep but *scientifically sound* sleep—the sort of sleep, in fact, Bourn-vita gives you—soothing nerves, mind and body, building up resistance to ills and chills and bringing new life for to-morrow.

Remember — the night is more important than the day. Sleep should prepare you to make the most of to-morrow. Bourn-vita ensures that it does and builds up your resistance to illness and infection.

You'll need your wits about YOU to-morrow. Are you alert, capable of quick decisions? You will be if you take Bourn-vita every night.

WHAT PROTECTIVE FOODS DO FOR YOU.

There is always infection around you. You must be able to resist it. Bourn-vita gives you the safeguard of its four protective foods—helps you keep clear of coughs and colds.

9D PER ½ LB.
1/5 PER ½ LB.

BOURN·VITA to-night
makes to-morrow just right

Underworld of the Big Cities (3)

Liverpool's Chinatown, where life begins at nightfall, is only a stone's throw from Bold Street, the luxury shopping centre.

Chinatown Nights

by Stanley Bishop

"The waitress talks to the pianist as he strums"

HE had a name which sounded like a quarter of the alphabet muddled together and spoken softly. He claimed to be a Chinaman.

Really his parentage was a bit obscure, but his skin was yellow, and he kept an untidy little shop in the Pitt-street district of Liverpool. That was in the day when Merseyside housed a substantial community of Chinese.

I will call the fellow "Chi-Who."

Whenever things were going to happen among the assorted coloured population of the great port, Chi-Who seemed to know all about it in advance.

So also did the police, who were then busy cleaning up the unsavoury dockside underworld.

They timed their raids on dope parlours and gambling houses just at the right moment to catch the most notorious traffickers and frequenters.

No matter what precautions for secrecy were taken, the detectives knew. It seemed they must have an ear close to the ground.

Curiously enough, Chi-Who, although he went regularly to all the illegal places, was never caught. He had remarkable luck in missing the police visits.

Indeed, the frequency with which he escaped, while his fellows suffered punishment, became a matter for gossip in the colony.

Then one day other Chinamen posted themselves outside Chi-Who's shop. Never for a moment during two whole days, was the place unguarded.

Chi-Who saw the watchers, promptly shut up his shop and retired to the back-room in which he lived. He was like a man in a fever. He could not keep still. He trembled in his agitation.

At night he leapt from his bunk at the slightest sound. The English girl with whom he lived tried to find out what was wrong, and why Fear stood at the elbow of Chi-Who.

All he would tell her was that a call would come, and he would have to go away.

At the end of two days, when Chi-Who was a wreck of nerves, there was a knocking at the door. A paper with Chinese writing was pushed underneath.

Chi-Who packed his bag with the treasures of his ancestors, gabbled a farewell to his woman, and unlocked the front door. He shuffled into the street. Two Chinamen waiting by the corner drifted after him.

Since then Chi-Who has never been seen.

He vanished as though he had been dropped in the Mersey with a weight round his neck.

It was said in the cafés that Chi-Who must have gone to Cardiff, but Cardiff police could not trace him. Nor has any news ever been learned of the man, whose name was like a muddle of the alphabet spoken softly.

Whenever a Chinese was asked about Chi-Who he shook his head.

Now the truth is this. Chi-Who was judged in secret by the members of his Tong (secret society). He was charged with breaking faith. For Chi-Who was thought to be the police ear to the ground—a "squeaker." Unfortunate for Chi-Who, and quite unjust. The informer was the girl who lived with him.

The last spy

All of this I learned less than two weeks ago across a café table in Liverpool's Chinatown.

Said the elderly Chinese who told me: "There has been no other spy since that day. Not that there is anything for a spy to discover. You see for yourself—everything is open."

Just about as open as a shuttered window.

I give the story to show that strange, unaccountable things may occur—and do occur—in the foreign quarter of Liverpool dockland.

Less than five minutes' walk from Bold Street, Liverpool, where the best people do their luxury shopping—and you *dive* (believe me, it feels like that at night) into the beginnings of tumble-down Pitt Street.

Here is Chinatown—or what is left of it. Further on, up-river, marching level with the docks, is Colourtown, where live and lodge the lascars, the negroes and other dark-skinned natives who voyage to Liverpool by the sea way.

Not many years ago there were several thousand Chinese in Liverpool. To-day there are about four hundred who regard Pitt Street as their home settlement.

The balance has scattered. Some have returned to the Far East, others migrated to countries where the police are not so inquisitive as in Britain.

It is after nightfall that life begins in Chinatown—although it is kept well behind the scenes. Houses are blank in front, for no lights show. But back rooms are crowded.

Take this place, which is a restaurant of sorts. The outer shop is bare. There are a few dusty tables which look as if they were never used. Through the inner door is the real business.

Not welcome

Here is a fair-sized room, with a piano at the far end. A West African native is playing. Customers at the tables are ten coloured men and three white women. The waitress is a white girl. She is talking with the pianist while he strums.

White men are not welcome. They are regarded with suspicion. When two of us enter, sit down and give an order, the pianist jumps up and goes out. The other coloured people and the women follow.

We are left alone. Our entry has driven the custom away. It is like that throughout Colourtown.

From time to time there have been prosecutions of café proprietors in Colourtown for permitting disorderly conduct. Then the rest of Liverpool learns from police evidence what goes on in these sinister dives.

In the Chinese cafés and eating houses behaviour is more circumspect. No antipathy is shown to white strangers. The slippered Chinese are polite, even talkative in a reserved way if one has a "sign of entry"—which I may not disclose.

Waiting in the cafés is done by half-caste girls.

Incidentally, I was told by a Liverpool medical man that the children of the mixed marriages are frail from birth and difficult to rear, and that an English girl, having formed a friendship with a Chinese, will never leave him. The Chinaman makes a good protective lover, or husband.

Linked with Colourtown, although on the other side of the city, is "Paddy's Market," in the Scotland Road area, where live the turbulent Irish factions whose Orange Day feuds have long been a sore point with the police.

In "Paddy's Market" you can buy anything from a hot meal for twopence to a full mourning outfit. From busy Scotland Road you turn down a gloomy entry and find yourself in a great hall, smelling of stale clothes and vegetables, and filled with the clamour of raucous women who are trying to pass off their "bargains" to lascar seamen.

The market is run by the City Council now, and a squad of inspectors is always on duty. But not so long ago—and now, under cover—Liverpool's sneak thieves bring their stolen goods for sale.

By contacts made in the pushing, jostling throng lascar seamen find buyers for Oriental curios, carpets—and sometimes dope—they have smuggled from their ships.

There are three men in Liverpool

(*Continued on page 30*)

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

DENTISTS recommend KOLYNOS because it restores natural whiteness to the teeth and protects them against harmful germs that cause decay. KOLYNOS is your Dentist's best ally in the preservation of your teeth. Get a tube to-day.

1/9, 1/- and 6d. Of all Chemists and Stores.

— HE SAYS KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Husky Throats

Soothe them after singing, speaking or smoking—with 6d Vick BRAND Lozenges

TASTE GOOD — DO GOOD

Don't scold her, mother

...it's the result of constipation!

A child that is always cross and peevish is a trial for any mother. But it is amazing what a change in the temper a few bed-time doses of 'California Syrup of Figs' will make. This delicious fruity laxative puts new life into the sluggish bowels where other opening medicines simply leave them worse bound than ever.

If your child tries your patience get a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' and give a dose at bed-time. In the morning the sour, irritating, bilious waste is cleared away and the kiddie's temper will be as sweet as its little inside.

CALIFORNIA SYRUP of FIGS BRAND

In bottles at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Be sure to get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Recommended by all doctors.

To call PHOSFERINE *'The greatest of all Tonics'* is no idle claim....

All the ingredients of PHOSFERINE are published on the label and widely advertised. PHOSFERINE consists of these recognised constituents . . .

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QUININE SULPHATE *is a tonic administered to improve and beneficial in cases of* **APPETITE WEAKNESS** *and of* **DEBILITY**

CINCHONIN SULPH. *has useful properties as a general and is used to alleviate* **TONIC** **recurrent FEVERS**

CINCHONIDIN SULPH. *has marked effect on* **NERVE reaction** *and is useful in treatment of and to combat the parasite of* **RHEUMATISM MALARIA**

QUINIDIN SULPH. *is used for certain cardiac affections caused by* **NERVE and MUSCLE CONGESTION** *for which it is a beneficial supplementary specific*

ACID GLYCEROPHOS *is advised in all kinds of and is a recognised tonic for* **NERVE** **wasting ailments**

ACID PHOSPH. *is employed as a stimulant for and has beneficial effect on the process of excretion* **DIGESTION**

Medical authorities know the remedial value of each element contained in PHOSFERINE, and will endorse their effective combination either in the tablet or liquid form. Many doctors, in fact, prescribe PHOSFERINE for nerve-disordered patients.

If you are living to the full the strenuous modern life — if you are hurried and worried as most of us are to-day — you need PHOSFERINE. You need the nerve stability it brings — that greater confidence in yourself which comes only with abundant vitality resulting from sound nerves.

Keep your nerves fit with—

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

FOR ALL DISORDERS CAUSED BY EXHAUSTION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

(A 6d. trial size of PHOSFERINE TABLETS is now obtainable—*Not available in I.F.S.*)

WARNING: THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

C.F.H.

That "Well-Look every

– SO IS TH

OLIVE SHA

1 Multiplies times.

2 Softens minute.

3 Maintains for ten n...

4 Has stro... the hairs ...

5 Fine afte... and palm ...

There are fiv... many men loo... nowadays—t... make them choc... ing Cream! ... Palmolive tha... preparation, ... groomed loo... The toughest b... Palmolive's c... that palm and ... soothes a ten... freshing after ... makes shavin...

6d. a...

You should not overlook the wonderful offer on pages 4 and 5. Turn to it NOW!

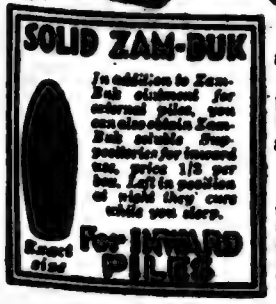
Why Suffer from PILES?

Famous Ointment Relieves & Removes Them

Are you a victim of piles (hæmorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant hæmorrhage? If so, try Zam-Buk. This wonderful herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only escape.

Zam-Buk brand ointment brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions arising where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use according to printed directions.


SOLID ZAM-BUK
In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for internal use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.
Exact size
For INWARD PILES

ARE THESE CASES LIKE YOUR OWN?

"For years I endured great pain through piles, both outward and internal. At 35 I began to feel like an old woman. Zambuk ended the irritation, caused the piles to vanish completely and saved me an operation."—Mrs. P. F., Galashiels.

"The pain and hæmorrhage of piles were very weakening and often I couldn't sit or walk in comfort. Thanks to Zam-Buk the piles have gone and I've had no more pains or symptoms since."—Mr. E. B., Saltash.

Rubbed in overnight

Snowfire Tablet

HEALS CHAPPED HANDS

by morning

3d. Family Size 7½d.

Soft Snowfire in tins 3d.

Proof M... P...

RESTORE... GREY

An Ipswich user of Mo... "I have used Morgan's P... Hair to conform to its original ... has been remarkable. Al... and before I had finishe... dark brown, exactly as it was... It is helpful too in stre...

Morgan's Pomade has ... ing original colour to grey ... half a century. It is NOT ... Massage into hair roots ... and beauty. Frees scalp ...

1/9 and 3/3 per jar. ... extra. Foreign, 2/1 ... At Boots, Timothy ... all Chemists, Hairdresse...

MARIE ANTOIN... 1-7 Grenville Road, ...

Marie Antoinette Shampoo ... ens and beautifies the ... ruff. 3d. per packet or ...

MORGAN'S

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Chi-Who packed his bag with the treasures of his ancestors, gabbled a farewell to his woman, and unlocked the front door. He shuffled into the street. Two Chinamen waiting by the corner drifted after him.

Since then Chi-Who has never been seen.

He vanished as though he had been dropped in the Mersey with a weight round his neck.

It was said in the cafés that Chi-Who must have gone to Cardiff, but Cardiff police could not trace him. Nor has any news ever been learned of the man, whose name was like a muddle of the alphabet spoken softly.

Whenever a Chinese was asked about Chi-Who he shook his head.

Now the truth is this. Chi-Who was judged in secret by the members of his Tong (secret society). He was charged with breaking faith. For Chi-Who was thought to be the police ear to the ground—a "squeaker." Unfortunate for Chi-Who, and quite unjust. The informer was the girl who lived with him.

The last spy

All of this I learned less than two weeks ago across a café table in Liverpool's Chinatown.

Said the elderly Chinese who told me: "There has been no other spy since that day. Not that there is anything for a spy to discover. You see for yourself—everything is open."

Just about as open as a shuttered window.

I give the story to show that strange, unaccountable things may occur—and do occur—in the foreign quarter of Liverpool dockland.

Less than five minutes' walk from Bold Street, Liverpool, where the best people do their luxury shopping—and you *dive* (believe me, it feels like that at night) into the beginnings of tumble-down Pitt Street.

Here is Chinatown—or what is left of it. Further on, up-river, marching level with the docks, is Colourtown, where live and lodge the lascars, the negroes and other dark-skinned natives who voyage to Liverpool by the sea way.

Not many years ago there were several thousand Chinese in Liverpool. To-day there are about four hundred who regard Pitt Street as their home settlement.

The balance has scattered. Some have returned to the Far East, others migrated to countries where the police are not so inquisitive as in Britain.

It is after nightfall that life begins in Chinatown—although it is kept well behind the scenes. Houses are blank in front, for no lights show. But back rooms are crowded.

Take this place, which is a restaurant of sorts. The outer shop is bare. There are a few dusty tables which look as if they were never used. Through the inner door is the real business.

Not welcome

Here is a fair-sized room, with a piano at the far end. A West African native is playing. Customers at the tables are ten coloured men and three white women. The waitress is a white girl. She is talking with the pianist while he strums.

White men are not welcome. They are regarded with suspicion. When two of us enter, sit down and give an order, the pianist jumps up and goes out. The other coloured people and the women follow.

We are left alone. Our entry has driven the custom away. It is like that throughout Colourtown.

From time to time there have been prosecutions of café proprietors in Colourtown for permitting disorderly conduct. Then the rest of Liverpool learns from police evidence what goes on in these sinister dives.

In the Chinese cafés and eating houses behaviour is more circumspect. No antipathy is shown to white strangers. The slippered Chinese are polite, even talkative in a reserved way if one has a "sign of entry"—which I may not disclose.

Waiting in the cafés is done by half-caste girls.

Incidentally, I was told by a Liverpool medical man that the children of the mixed marriages are frail from birth and difficult to rear, and that an English girl, having formed a friendship with a Chinese, will never leave him. The Chinaman makes a good protective lover, or husband.

Linked with Colourtown, although on the other side of the city, is "Paddy's Market," in the Scotland Road area, where live the turbulent Irish factions whose Orange Day feuds have long been a sore point with the police.

In "Paddy's Market" you can buy anything from a hot meal for twopence to a full mourning outfit. From busy Scotland Road you turn down a gloomy entry and find yourself in a great hall, smelling of stale clothes and vegetables, and filled with the clamour of raucous women who are trying to pass off their "bargains" to lascar seamen.

The market is run by the City Council now, and a squad of inspectors is always on duty. But not so long ago—and now, under cover—Liverpool's sneak thieves bring their stolen goods for sale.

By contacts made in the pushing, jostling throng lascar seamen find buyers for Oriental curios, carpets—and sometimes dope—they have smuggled from their ships.

There are three men in Liverpool

(*Continued on page 30*)

DENTISTS recommend KOLYNOS because it restores natural whiteness to the teeth and protects them against harmful germs that cause decay. KOLYNOS is your Dentist's best ally in the preservation of your teeth. Get a tube to-day.

1/9, 1/- and 6d. Of all Chemists and Stores.

—HE SAYS KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Husky Throats

Soothe them after singing, speaking or smoking—with 6d Vick BRAND Lozenges

TASTE GOOD — DO GOOD

Don't scold her, mother

... it's the result of constipation!

A child that is always cross and peevish is a trial for any mother. But it is amazing what a change in the temper a few bed-time doses of 'California Syrup of Figs' will make. This delicious fruity laxative puts new life into the sluggish bowels where other opening medicines simply leave them worse bound than ever.

If your child tries your patience get a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' and give a dose at bed-time. In the morning the sour, irritating, bilious waste is cleared away and the kiddie's temper will be as sweet as its little inside.

CALIFORNIA SYRUP of FIGS BRAND

In bottles at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Be sure to get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Recommended by all doctors.

To call PHOSFERINE 'The greatest of all Tonics' is no idle claim....

All the ingredients of PHOSFERINE are published on the label and widely advertised. PHOSFERINE consists of these recognised constituents . . .

℞

QUININE SULPHATE *is a tonic administered to improve and beneficial in cases of* **APPETITE** *and of* **WEAKNESS DEBILITY**

CINCHONIN SULPH. *has useful properties as a general and is used to alleviate* **TONIC** *recurrent* **FEVERS**

CINCHONIDIN SULPH. *has marked effect on* **NERVE** *reaction and is useful in treatment of* **RHEUMATISM** *and to combat the parasite of* **MALARIA**

QUINIDIN SULPH. *is used for certain cardiac affections caused by* **NERVE and MUSCLE CONGESTION** *for which it is a beneficial supplementary specific*

ACID GLYCEROPHOS *is advised in all kinds of and is a recognised tonic for* **NERVE** *wasting* **ailments**

ACID PHOSPH. *is employed as a stimulant for and has beneficial effect on the process of excretion* **DIGESTION**

Medical authorities know the remedial value of each element contained in PHOSFERINE, and will endorse their effective combination either in the tablet or liquid form. Many doctors, in fact, prescribe PHOSFERINE for nerve-disordered patients.

If you are living to the full the strenuous modern life — if you are hurried and worried as most of us are to-day — you need PHOSFERINE. You need the nerve stability it brings — that greater confidence in yourself which comes only with abundant vitality resulting from sound nerves.

Keep your nerves fit with—

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

FOR ALL DISORDERS CAUSED BY EXHAUSTION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size: you save almost 2/-.
(A 6d. trial size of PHOSFERINE TABLETS is now obtainable—*Not available in I.F.S.*)

WARNING: THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.
C.F.H.

That "Well-groomed" Look is everywhere

— SO IS THE **OLIVE OIL SHAVE!**

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4. Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after effects due to olive and palm oil content.

There are five good reasons why so many men look well turned out nowadays—the five reasons that make them choose Palmolive Shaving Cream! And as more men use Palmolive than any other shaving preparation, you see that well-groomed look wherever you go. The toughest beard softens under Palmolive's olive oil lather. And that palm and olive oil content soothes a tender skin—gives a refreshing after-shave comfort that makes shaving a joy.

6d. and 1/-

You should not overlook the wonderful offer on pages 4 and 5. Turn to it NOW!

Why Suffer from PILES?

Famous Ointment Relieves & Removes Them

Are you a victim of piles (hæmorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant hæmorrhage? If so, try Zam-Buk. This wonderful herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only escape.

Zam-Buk brand ointment brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions arising where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use according to printed directions.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for internal use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

Insert one

For INWARD PILES

ARE THESE CASES LIKE YOUR OWN?

"For years I endured great pain through piles, both outward and internal. At 35 I began to feel like an old woman. Zambuk ended the irritation, caused the piles to vanish completely and saved me an operation."—Mrs. P. F., Galashiels.

"The pain and hæmorrhage of piles were very weakening and often I couldn't sit or walk in comfort. Thanks to Zam-Buk the piles have gone and I've had no more pains or symptoms since."—Mr. E. B., Saltash.

Rubbed in overnight

Snowfire Tablet

HEALS CHAPPED HANDS by morning

3d. Family Size 7½d.
Soft Snowfire in tins 3d.

Proof THAT **MORGAN'S POMADE does RESTORE COLOUR TO GREY HAIR**

An Ipswich user of Morgan's Pomade writes: "I have used Morgan's Pomade for treating Grey Hair to conform to its original colour, and the result has been remarkable. My hair was almost white, and before I had finished the first 1/9 jar it was dark brown, exactly as it was 20 years previously. It is helpful too in strengthening the growth."

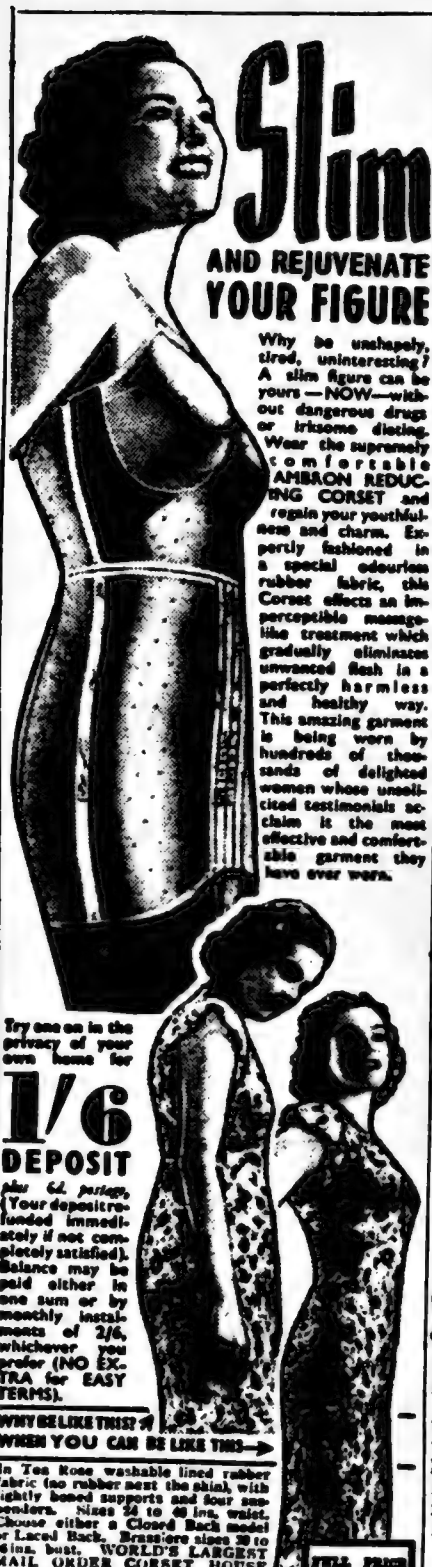
Morgan's Pomade has been famous for restoring original colour to grey or faded hair for half a century. It is NOT A DYE. Never fails. Massage into hair roots. Beneficial to hair health and beauty. Frees scalp from choking dandruff.

1/9 and 3/3 per jar. (Post 3d. and 4d. extra. Foreign, 1/1 and 1/7 respectively). At Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores or direct.

MARIE ANTOINETTE CO. LTD., 1-7 Grenville Road, Upper Holloway, N.19

Marie Antoinette Shampoo cleanses, strengthens and beautifies the hair and removes dandruff. 3d. per packet or 2/6 per box of 7 packets.

MORGANS POMADE



Slim AND REJUVENATE YOUR FIGURE

Why be unshapely, tired, uninteresting? A slim figure can be yours—NOW—without dangerous drugs or irksome dieting. Wear the supremely comfortable AMBARON REDUCING CORSET and regain your youthfulness and charm. Expertly fashioned in a special odourless rubber fabric, this Corset effects an imperceptible massage-like treatment which gradually eliminates unwanted flesh in a perfectly harmless and healthy way. This amazing garment is being worn by hundreds of thousands of delighted women whose unsolicited testimonials acclaim it the most effective and comfortable garment they have ever worn.

Try one on in the privacy of your own home for

1/6 DEPOSIT

plus 6d. postage. (Your deposit refunded immediately if not completely satisfied). Balance may be paid either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/6, whichever you prefer (NO EXTRA for EASY TERMS).

WHY BE LIKE THIS? →

WHEN YOU CAN BE LIKE THIS—→

In Tea Rose washable lined rubber fabric (no rubber next the skin), with lightly boned supports and four suspenders. Sizes 24 to 40 ins. waist. Choose either a Closed Back model or Laced Back. Brassiere sizes 32 to 46 ins. bust. WORLD'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER CORSET HOUSE makes the above special offer to ALL WOMEN who are not satisfied with their figures. You don't risk one penny—send coupon now without delay.

READ THIS LETTER:—

My corset is perfectly correct as always. You may be interested to know that in twelve months I have reduced thus: 1936: Bust 46ins. Waist 38ins. Hips 48ins. 1937: Bust 38ins. Waist 32ins. Hips 38ins. Thanks!—Mrs. D., Birmingham.

FULL PRICE **10/11**

Brassiere to Match 4/11. The Two Garments 14/11

COUPON — Please send me a Reducing Corset

Also Brassiere (Cross out if not required).

Enclose P.O. for 2/- (deposit and postage) with name (Mrs. or Miss) and address and Bust, Waist and Hips measurements. State if CLOSED BACK or LACED BACK model required. (Overseas full cash). *J. Bull 22/1/38*

AMBROSE WILSON LTD

WORLD'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER CORSET HOUSE

483 Ambron House, 69 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1

PILES!

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3s. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1s.

Continuing

Chinatown Nights

each of whom is making nearly £1,000 a year selling goods smuggled in by lascars.

After contact has been made with the smugglers, the goods are picked up by car at a rendezvous in dockland, and taken to a private house in one of the best residential suburbs.

There they are stored for some weeks. Then comes the most amazing part of the racket.

Two of the men, one of whom is an expert salesman, load up a car with curios, carpets, gorgeous silk robes, draperies, bedspreads and cigars, and set off for the big towns in Lancashire and Yorkshire to sell them—*from door to door!*

Every article is sold pounds below the price for which it could be obtained in the shops.

Yet not much serious or violent crime is bred in the foreign underworld of Liverpool.

Occasional dope smuggling, a little opium smoking in private haunts, and gambling make up the chief offences which the police have to check.

Soon the old Chinatown of rough-paved streets and rickety tenements will be swept away. Pitt Street is scheduled for improvement.

Modern working-class flats will rise on the site. The Chinese are to have a block of flats of their own, and a new club.

Now, with my back to one underworld, I go to another in the city: the general places where crooks and criminals gather to plan their harvest.

Crime in Liverpool is on a slightly upward tendency, according to the most recent figures available.

The total number of crimes known to the police last year was 15,606, an increase of 1,226. Offences against property with violence—the category which includes housebreaking, burglary

Mr. A. H. Wilson, Liverpool's Chief Constable, quelled the Dartmoor mutiny

and attempts at these crimes—showed an increase from 2,724 to 3,330.

More people were caught and prosecuted than in the previous year, which indicates that, in spite of the bigger volume of crime, the percentage of detections is not falling off.

A reason for the jump in crime figures I will give later, quoting the opinion of Mr. A. H. "Dartmoor" Wilson, the Chief Constable of Liverpool.

Remember the famous Dartmoor Prison mutiny? It was Mr. Wilson who quelled the disturbance. He was then Chief Constable of Plymouth.

Shortly after the mutiny Mr. Wilson was appointed to Liverpool. His fine conduct at the prison helped to gain him a majority vote over other candidates for the post.

Undesirable clubs are the principal resorts of the local crime fellowship. They are a problem to the police in Liverpool more than anywhere else—with the exception of London. They grow in number and activity.

Usually they consist of two rooms—bar-room and billiards room. I heard of such a place kept by a criminal on ticket-of-leave, and of another of which the proprietor was a convicted safe-breaker.

Rid the city of these clubs and half the vice and crime would disappear. It is unfortunate that, under the present club law, the police are powerless.

After the undesirable club, the main crime problem of the city concerns—*children.*

Dealing with the increase in crime figures, the Chief Constable says: "There is every reason to think that the increase is entirely due to juvenile crime."

For the past seven years there has been a continuous growth of juvenile crime in the city, *and it is still increasing.*

No fewer than 2,000 juvenile offenders were dealt with by the special courts in the past two years. Of this number, 1,800 were accused of indictable offences—attacks, robbery, "breakings-in" and larcenies.

Girls seem to be emulating the boys in house-breaking escapades. During the year one gang of four girls admitted no fewer than forty-five separate cases, ranging from burglary downwards.

But taking everything into account, Liverpool—from the police point of view—is a vastly better place than it was not so many years ago.

Long-service officers can remember when two constables were always sent, for safety's sake, on patrol in certain districts.

It was usual then for the police court to have no fewer than 200 cases for the magistrates after a week-end. Now thirty cases is about the Monday total.

Next Week: **CARDIFF**

Special Pools Service by "Poolex"

I HAVE been keeping a very careful check on my graded guide since it first appeared in JOHN BULL. I wanted it to be well tested before passing any selection methods on it.

Well, the past ten weeks' results show that the guide compares favourably with normal forecasting methods, so here are some suggestions for 8 and 10-results, nothing-barred pools, showing how this graded guide can be used for your selections.

First, the 8-results pool.

Take the first 20 matches listed in the guide with most points in favour of the home team, and confine your selections to this group. Cross out games not appearing on your coupon (probably the Scottish games), go carefully through the rest, then pick out the three matches you think most likely to be home wins.

It will pay to spend time on this, as these are your bankers

Now, using the remaining matches, cross out those you are most doubtful about, until nine are left Then, the following eight lines will group these matches in fives and allow for two errors:—

1	1	1	1	1	-	-	-
1	1	1	-	-	1	1	-
1	-	-	1	1	1	1	-
1	-	1	1	-	1	-	1
-	-	1	-	1	1	1	-
-	1	-	1	-	-	1	1
-	1	-	-	1	1	-	1
-	1	-	1	-	-	1	1
1	-	1	-	1	-	-	1

Add your bankers, and you will complete an eight-column entry, having eight forecasts in each column.

Altogether, 12 out of the first 20 games in the graded guide are used for this entry. This section averages 13 to 14 home wins out of 20 each week, so you can see the winning chances are good.

Tackle the 10-results pool in the same way. By choosing five bankers you can use the above lines to make eight columns of ten forecasts each. Another similar entry requires four bankers and ten other selections which must be grouped in sixes as follows, thus allowing for two errors:—

1	1	1	1	1	1	-	-	-	
1	1	1	1	-	-	1	1	-	
1	1	-	-	1	1	1	1	-	
-	-	1	1	1	1	1	1	-	
-	1	1	-	1	-	1	-	1	
1	-	-	1	-	1	1	-	1	
1	-	-	1	-	1	1	-	1	
-	1	-	1	1	-	-	1	1	
-	1	1	-	-	1	-	1	1	
1	-	1	-	1	-	-	1	1	

Adding your four bankers gives you nine lines each containing ten forecasts.

Using bankers in this way you can allow for more errors in your other selections, and by making all your selections from the first 20 matches on the guide you ensure considering all games with good home prospects.

See how the graded guide can help you? There are many other ways of applying it. How, I will tell you later on.

Graded Guide

By "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, January 22, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

83 Raith R. v. Montrose.	29 Sheff. W. v. Norwich.	13 Tranmere v. Accrington.
68 Hibernians v. Edinb'gh C.	28 Luton v. Swindon.	12 Sheff. U. v. Liverpool.
57 Reading v. Crystal Palace.	23 St. Johnstone v. Arbroath.	11 Queen of South v. Leith A.
53 Cowdenbeath v. Brechin C.	21 Clyde v. Motherwell.	10 West Ham v. Stockport.
40 Ayr v. E. Stirling.	19 Aldershot v. Newport.	9 Huddersfield v. Notts C.
39 Aston Villa v. Blackpool.	18 Wolves v. Arsenal.	4 Notts F. v. Middlesboro'.
33 N'thampton v. Clapton O.	17 York v. W.B.A.	3 Crewe v. Darlington.
32 Kilmarnock v. Dumbarton.	16 Albion R. v. Dundee.	2 Bournemouth v. Brighton.
31. Port Vale v. Doncaster.	15 Walsall v. Southend.	1 Birmingham v. Chelsea.
30 Charlton v. Leeds.		

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

Fulham v. Swansea.	1	Bolton v. Derby	13	Southport v. Rochdale.	33
Gillingham v. Mansfield.	2	Preston v. Leicester	18	Wrexham v. Gateshead.	37
Bristol R. v. Torquay.	3	New Brighton v. Spurs	19	Barrow v. Oldham.	38
Everton v. Sunderland.	4	Manchester C. v. Bury	20	Cardiff v. Q.P.R.	44
Bradford v. Stoke	5	Brentford v. Portsmouth.	27	Lincoln v. Hull.	47
Bradford C. or Chesterfield v. Burnley.	6	Exeter v. Watford.	29	Dundee U. v. Hearts.	48
Airdrie v. East Fife	7	Alloa A. v. Rangers.	30	Halifax v. Carlisle.	59
Dunfermline v. St. Mirren	8	Barnsley v. Manchester U.	33	Third Lanark v. Celtic.	63

"Your remarks about 'Rin' being so jolly good for French polished furniture and all polished surfaces, gave me an idea, Jean. I thought I'd try it on the car. Looks fine, don't you think? It's the easiest polish I've ever used. You'd better get me a tin for use in the garage."

"I will, Jack. It's made the car look as good as new."

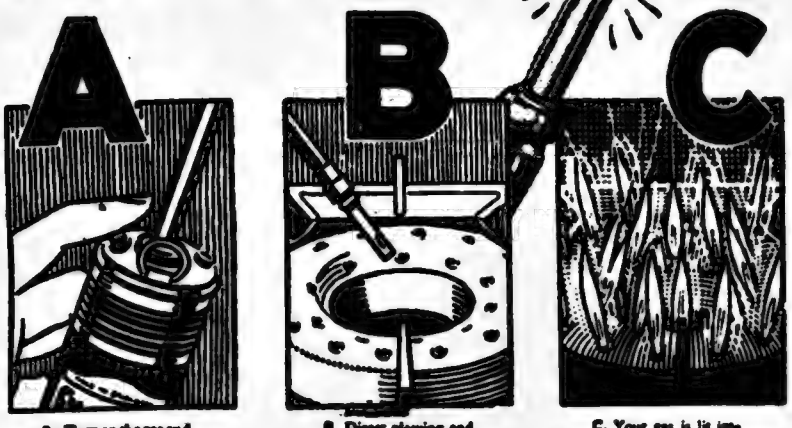
TINS 6d. and 1/-

RIN CREAM 2/3D/16

FOR ALL FINISHED SURFACES

CHEMICK PRODUCTS LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.4.

It's as easy as A B C



A. Turn on the gas and depress switch of Ever Ready Gaslighter.

B. Direct glowing end of Gaslighter to gas jet.

C. Your gas is lit immediately without mess, fuss or bother. A child could do it.

and it saves you £-s-d

Apart from being so easy to operate, an Ever Ready Gaslighter saves good, hard cash. In fact, by the time you have used two batteries you will be about 13/6 better off than if you had continued to use matches. Remember, too, the Ever Ready Gaslighter has a neat ring-hanger, which ensures its always being in place . . . never in the way and yet never out of it. Also it is all chromium plated and therefore will not tarnish. Switch over now to an Ever Ready Gaslighter and save!

See how you SAVE

Lighter with battery - -	5/-
Refill battery - - - - -	1/6
Total Cost - - - - - -	6/6
Equivalent to 14,000 matches costing about - - - -	20/-
Nett Saving - - - -	13/6

EVER READY 5/- GAS LIGHTER

The Ever Ready Company (Great Britain) Ltd., Hercules Place, N.7, manufacturers of Torches, Dry Cells, Cycle Lamps, H. T. Batteries, Radio Receivers, etc.

I TOOK DR. CASSELLS TABLETS

"UNTIL I took Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS I was never *really* well. Sometimes I felt too headachy and tired to work, other times I had a nasty touch of indigestion or, again, could not sleep at night. But now—thanks to Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS—I'm absolutely 100% in the pink of health. I feel I could do twice the work. I enjoy *all* my meals and always sleep like a top! Yes, I realise now I never even knew what good health meant until I started taking Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS."

Every day Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS are helping thousands of people to find out what good health *really* means! Indeed, the results of a course of Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS have to be experienced to be believed. You should start upon one TO-DAY and see how rapidly they enable you to work better, play better, eat better and sleep better!

You see, Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS are bound to benefit you because they contain no less than 19 ingredients and thus bring health benefit to every part of your system. Nerves are nourished, Appetite improved, Energy restored, Digestion assisted, Blood cleansed and harmonious regularity restored to every bodily function. No wonder such things as:

HEADACHES HYSTERIA
INDIGESTION NEURITIS
NEURALGIA SCIATICA
INSOMNIA "NERVES"
LUMBAGO DEPRESSION

and all Nerve Troubles disappear so quickly! Start taking Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS *TO-DAY* and let them bring YOU the exhilarating joy of PERFECT HEALTH and FITNESS!

SOLD EVERYWHERE 6d., 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

SWOLLEN JOINTS

ADRAX *the amazing new discovery rids Kidneys of Poisonous Acids AT ONCE under 'Money Back' guarantee*

Uric acid, cystitis, nervousness, headaches, dizziness, backache, disturbed sleep, rheumatism, swollen ankles, are the symptoms of deranged and weak kidneys. For clogged bowels a purge is taken, but disorders of the kidneys are far more serious to health. If you have any of these symptoms don't delay—start the Adrax Brand Treatment at once. *So certain is Adrax in its purifying action on the kidneys that there is a money-back guarantee.* Adrax Brand Tablets are obtainable at all chemists, 3/- per box or direct from W. B. Cartwright, Ltd., Laboratories, Rawdon, Leeds.

(No proprietary rights are claimed in manufacture).

NEW LIFE FOR HAIR

By Feeding Those Starved Hair Roots

"Dead" Hair Roots Rare. They Simply Become Too Weak to Grow New Hair THROUGH Hard or Scurfy Scalp

See What Kotalko Will Do.

Thousands of men and women have re-grown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling scurf and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp and restoring its healthful circulation, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

Almost at once you will feel new life and hair-growth-activity in your scalp. Surprisingly quickly you will see new hair growing through the scalp. Simply carry on with Kotalko (True Hair-Grower) and Kotalko Scalp Soap as directed. Any thin or bald places will soon be re-covered with new and vigorously healthy hair rich in its natural colouring. After the hair has grown an inch or more in length, try to pull out one of the new hairs slowly. You will not be able to do this. The hair will be too strongly rooted to break or pull away from its hair-follicle. See, too, how luxuriantly thick and rich in colouring it will be. There's no falling, brushing, combing, or pulling out of such vigorously strong and healthy new hair.

"Had Big Bald Patch"

'I WAS ALMOST BALD'

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My Favourite Hero by—Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.

He Sacrificed Ambition for LOVE

AS reading is my great pleasure, it is not easy to select my favourite hero in fiction. I have decided that, from the point of view of heart interest—which, after all, is what matters most to a woman—I must select the central figure of H. G. Wells' story, "Love and Mr. Lewisham."

It is a delightful book, full of human nature, and vividly alive; also it is exactly described by its sub-title, "*The story of a very young couple.*"

Perhaps one reason why the character of Mr. Lewisham so specially appeals to me is because the writer has placed the scene of the novel in the days of my own youth, when the relations of young men and the girls with whom they happened to be acquainted were run on extremely conventional, and what were then called proper, lines.

My hero, when we first meet him, is an earnest, ambitious young man of eighteen, assistant-master in a small town school. Sex, that most terrible and compelling force in life, means less than nothing to him.

He intends to make a big success of his career, and though he is fair-haired and good-looking, he actually wears spectacles, in the hope that they will make him look older and staider than he appears to be. Then he meets a pretty, simple-natured girl, a typist called Ethel Henderson—and the whole of his existence is transformed.

★ ★ ★

I am inclined to believe that so great a change would not now take place in a modern young man, and whether this would be a good or evil thing, my readers must judge for themselves.

In any case, I think everyone who has read the book will agree that the blossoming of love between these two young creatures is exquisitely done in a chapter called "The Scandalous Ramble," which describes a long spring-time afternoon spent by them together.

Alas! the England of that day being what it was, the lady with whom Ethel was staying was disgusted at such behaviour; and as for what would now be described as Ethel's boy friend, the head of his school was so shocked that he gave the young man notice!

There follows an interval of two and a half years, when we learn nothing of Mr. Lewisham. That I think is a pity, for often first love, with a lad of eighteen to nineteen, has an enduring effect on the after-life of a young man.

As it is, when we meet him again, he is living in London, working at the Royal College of Science, and as full as ever of ambition and of the determination to get on. He has had a legacy of a hundred pounds, and is hoarding it carefully with a view to his future.

By the kind of chance that often does occur in real life, Mr. Lewisham again meets Ethel Henderson, and at once he knows that he is still in love, and in a way—we all know what "in a way" can mean—has never been out of love with her.

Then comes what the author of the story calls "Love in the streets." We see the young pair walking together, evening after evening, until they are near the house Ethel shares with her colourless mother and her clever step-father, Mr. Chaffery, a fraudulent medium.

Wonderfully varied were those seven and sixty nights, as he came to remember them in after life. There were nights of damp and drizzle, and then thick fogs, beautiful, isolating, grey-white veils, turning every yard of pavement into a private room. . . .

The fogs passed all too soon into a hard frost, into nights of starlight and present moonlight, when the lamps looked hard, flashing like rows of yellow gems, and their reflections and the glare of the shop windows were sharp and frosty, and even the stars hard and bright, snapping noiselessly (if one may say so) instead of twinkling.

What fascinates me in the character of Ethel's lover is that while he is a type of young man to be found in every civilised country, he is yet, in this short study of human nature, highly individualised.

If any of us are much thrown with young people, even if we are scarcely aware of the fact, we cannot help knowing certain young men who have a great deal in common with Mr. Lewisham. Yet even if we know them well, we are almost certainly unaware of their secret hopes, thoughts, temptations, self-conquests.

★ ★ ★

Where I feel this particular young man is unlike many of his sort is that when he fails, and fails badly, at the yearly examination of his college, he faces the fact that on the one hand is the shining staircase to fame and power, his dream from the very dawn of his adolescence, and on the other hand—Ethel.

He struggles to get free from what he knows is an obsession, but absence only makes him long for the girl even more than he did before.

An astonishingly lifelike conversation between a group of men students finally makes Mr. Lewisham's mind up for him. They talk of sex—though not as frankly as they would to-day. One of them suddenly says: "If I saw a girl I fancied so that I wanted to, I'd marry her to-morrow."

And when some of the others declare that, situated as they are now, marriage is impossible, another exclaims: "When a girl has chosen a man, and he has chosen her, what's the good of hankering? Mutual. Fight together."

So Mr. Lewisham and the girl he can't help loving, marry at a register office, and the old gentleman who marries them gives the best bit of advice given to newly-married folk that I have ever come across: "Life together is a difficult thing. . . . Be kind to each other."

Were that advice followed more often it would, in my opinion, not only seriously reduce the ever-rising divorce rate, but also greatly add to the happiness of the couples who remain married.

What specially attracts me about Mr. Lewisham is the fact that he is a decent-natured, ordinary young man, with yet just a little more to him than the commonplace youth who, without knowing it, is always playing for safety.

★ ★ ★

My hero is willing to take a chance, and for my part I am glad that there is no fairy-tale ending to this early part of his life.

So Mr. Lewisham forgets his scientific ambitions. He gets small jobs in small schools teaching for an hour here and an hour there. Ethel sits at home typing, and for a while they are ecstatically happy.

A hundred pounds nest-egg, which was to do such wonderful things to help its owner's career, gets smaller and smaller, and what with one thing and another the glamour fades away.

The creator of Mr. Lewisham then introduces an amusing, indeed a brilliant, note, in his picture of Ethel's step-father. Mr. Chaffery is one of those slippery, amusing scoundrels who possess a real philosophy of life. He never tells himself a lie. "To my mind truth begins at home, and for the most part—stops there," he says complacently.

He is something, too, of an epicure, and concocts a peculiar kind of mixture called Crab, which tastes better than it sounds.

Composed of cheese crushed with a fork, to which is added about as much of good butter, a dab of mustard, a whiff of pepper and a small spoonful of malt vinegar, all pounded together, it does taste rather like real crab!

Such a man is less than no good to the couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewisham go through some terrible times, but they never leave off being fond of each other, though there comes a moment when they are actually thinking of parting for good.

Then, suddenly, the world is changed, and by a whisper.

With Ethel's arms about him, and Ethel's hair streaming down so that it hides her face from his, she tells him that she is going to have a baby.

He knows that now there is going to be something between him and his wife which was the link they needed. "It will hold us together, cement us together. It will be our life."

And to himself, not aloud to her, for perhaps she would not have understood: "Come to think, it is all the Child. The future is the Child . . . career! In itself it is a career—the most important career in the world. Father! Why should I want more?"

(Another favourite hero next week)

MR. LEWISHAM *. . . his world was suddenly changed by a whisper.*

She'd been getting short-tempered, was losing her grip. But now once again she's the perfect secretary. That's because she has discovered the secret of *perfect health*—Beechams Pills. This purely vegetable laxative, famous for 90 years, keeps her system regular, her blood pure and vigorous, her digestion sound. In short, Beechams Pills keep her fit, healthy and full of energy. Try Beechams Pills yourself. They'll make a world of difference. *Sold everywhere.*

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CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

IT is the function of the blood to carry health-preserving nourishment to the countless millions of living cells of which the body is composed. When it fails in this important function the cells break down and become diseased; *and this condition will persist until the blood itself is revitalised.* So-called "blood purifiers" are of no use in such conditions; impurities in the blood are merely incidental to the condition. The real trouble is that the blood has become chemically unbalanced; it is deficient in certain vital constituents, and drugging the system can never make good this deficiency.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell-Food!

ELASTO, the new Biological Remedy, is not a drug, but a vital cell-food; it contains the missing blood-constituents in a highly potentized form, the only form in which the blood can take them up and use them. It is prepared in small, delicate tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and it is absorbed *directly* into the blood through the tiny glands of the mouth and throat. That is a distinctive feature of Elasto, and partly explains its wonderful effectiveness; *it does not enter the stomach.* Such ailments as varicose veins, varicose ulcer (bad leg), swollen legs, phlebitis, heart troubles, bad circulation, piles, rheumatism, hardened arteries and similar disabling conditions are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of the vitalising principles of the blood. No lasting improvement in these conditions is possible until the cause of the weakness has been removed, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto, the Great Blood Revitaliser, does this with complete effectiveness, in a manner new to curative science.

Elasto Benefits the Whole System!

ELASTO is a great constitutional remedy; it may be taken by all whose health is below par. Users are quite frequently astonished by its effect on their general health and vitality, they report improved digestion, freedom from headaches, greater cheerfulness and vigour, "liverishness" dispelled as if by magic, etc. To those who have no knowledge of the workings of our bodies, it may seem strange that a remedy taken for one ailment should be the means of bringing relief in other, and seemingly unrelated ailments, but this interesting fact is not so remarkable as it may at first appear.

A Good Circulation—the Real Basis of Health

IT is an indisputable fact that a sound circulation and healthy blood, rich in vital properties, is the basis of life and health. It follows logically, therefore, that the revitalised blood and improved circulation, which quickly follow the use of Elasto, cannot fail to bring real and lasting benefit to every organ and tissue of the body. The far-reaching effects of a revitalised blood-stream can be truly amazing; (hence the miracles of healing performed by means of blood-transfusion). Elasto is based upon the latest discoveries of curative, nutritional science; it is a pure, natural product, highly potentized, and is in complete harmony with the human system. *Elasto contains no animal gland extracts.*

Read what Users of Elasto say:

- *"No sign of Varicose Veins now."*
- *"Elasto put new life into me."*
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- *"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."*
- *"Now walk long distances with ease."*
- *"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."*
- *"My heart is quite sound again now."*
- *"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."*
- *"Elasto has quite cured my Eczema."*
- *"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."*
- *"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."*
- *"My skin is as soft as velvet."*
- *"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."*
- *"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 68."*
- *"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."*
- *"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved."*

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of Elasto for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: ELASTO (Dept. 15.B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised so post your Coupon NOW—while you think of it! This offer is too good to be missed.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto* ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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"J.B." 22/1/38 .....

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

Your stomach isn't lined with Coconut Matting

Don't ruin YOUR digestion with harsh remedies

If there is one thing you don't need to impress on a stomach sufferer it is this: the stomach is one of the most tender and delicate parts of the human body—never more so than when it has got out of order and is in pain.

It stands to reason, therefore, that when the stomach sufferer sets out to correct his stomach trouble great care must be exercised to use only a remedy that is gentle and sympathetic in its action—one that will be soothing as well as efficient in its healing work.

When the stomach is inflamed

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has won the affection of thousands of stomach sufferers. When the stomach is angry and inflamed with acid, this smooth alkaline powder (mixed in milk or water) calms and corrects the acid condition. It puts a protective coating on the tender stomach lining, rebuilding it gently. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder heals ulcerated places and makes the ulcers disappear with their pain and misery.

If your stomach had the toughness of coconut matting it would not matter what you put inside it. But for such a delicate organ you need a carefully-balanced remedy that has years of successful cures behind it. No remedy for stomach trouble ever enjoyed the popularity of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

Surely the reason is simple. There is no phase of stomach trouble for which it has not been used—simple Indigestion, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Biliousness. In more serious conditions — Gastritis and Duodenal Ulcer—Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has saved many operations. Macleans' files are laden with grateful testimonials from every part of the country. Before you hand over *your* particular case to the mercy of remedies you have never heard of—pause and think. Can you afford the risk? Won't you be safer—happier—surer with the stomach powder that for years has been bringing healing and joy to thousands?

One word of warning

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has a distinguishing sign that you can easily recognise—it is the signature—

Alex. C. Maclean

Look for this on the carton and bottle you buy and you can safely leave the rest to the powder inside.

Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets too

For the convenience of stomach sufferers who prefer tablets, Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets are packed in 9d. tins that slip into the vest pocket or hand-bag. Also in bottles at 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. The great advantage of these tablets is that they alone are made of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. No other tablet contains this wonderful powder.

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder and Tablets

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford

Don't forget to look into the "JOHN BULL" SHOP WINDOW Page — you'll always find Bargains there

See pp. 2 & 3

VENOS

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COUGH CURE

Will **STOP *YOUR* COUGH** LIKE LIGHTNING!

WHEN YOU WAKE WITH
"Morning Mouth"
There's Something Wrong!

A foul-tasting mouth when you wake in the morning means that your system contains poisonous food waste matter which has no right to be there! "Morning Mouth"—along with bad breath and coated tongue—are sure signs of stomach disorder or constipation. You are being *poisoned*, causing bad skin, headaches, loss of vitality, flatulence, depression, rheumatism. Let Feen-a-mint cleanse your system. Let Feen-a-mint give you a clear complexion, bright eyes and "sweet" breath. Feen-a-mint works the way nature intended—safely and thoroughly—because it mixes with the saliva and is carried *naturally* through the whole digestive system. Its fresh mint flavour makes it a family favourite. Get a packet from your chemist *to-day*—or send your name and address on a postcard for a free sample to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. D.1), 15, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

INDIGESTION AND FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain, 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them to-day! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

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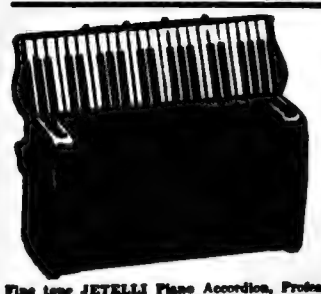

2/6 WEEKLY

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GET full particulars of this offer by filling in the coupon for full particulars explaining in detail how you can get fit and remain fit by a simple course of physical culture carried out in your own home, and at only 1/- weekly! Valuable Cash Prizes are also being offered! Turn to pages 4 and 5, and send the coupon now, while you think of it!

Reader's Story by E. W. H. Brooks

Revolt in the Chain Gang

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 368,362, Mr. E. W. H. Brooks, 10, Ainslie Terrace, Camel's Head, Plymouth.

Swinging a pick-axe was a huge negro.

SOME years ago I was for a short time in the Prison Service of Northern Rhodesia, the Central African Crown Colony.

The first few months of my service were spent looking after "good conduct" prisoners with several native warders under me.

After that I was assigned to the "hard labour" quarry gang, totalling fifty prisoners in all, among whom were about a dozen "bad conduct" prisoners.

I was lucky in having an Angoni as my corporal. This race is descended from the Zulu impis which travelled north many years ago to what is now called Nyasaland. They are natives of fine breeding and can invariably be trusted.

Although of very short stature—size counts a lot with natives—my corporal was a strict but impartial disciplinarian.

The quarry where the prisoners worked was about twenty minutes walk from the jail. When we arrived the first morning I allowed the men to go on with the work they had been doing before I took over.

The chain gang, consisting of men who had tried to escape, did pick and shovel work, the remainder sorted and graded various rocks and sieved gravel and laterite—a natural gravel like road surfacing material.

It did not take me long to see that there was considerable injustice in the way the jobs had been distributed. The bad characters had been given all the easy jobs, while the good convicts had to do all the hard graft.

WITHIN an hour I put things on a satisfactory basis from my point of view, but there were several cases of insolence.

First was when one of the "bad conduct" prisoners came up to me and said: "Look, Shamwari, my foot is injured."

Obviously he thought that I was a 'Roolnek," or greenhorn just out from England, for "Shamwari" in Chinyanja, the language generally used in the territory, means friend or social equal.

This could not be tolerated. Having seen that his injury was dressed, I booked him for the visiting magistrates, who subsequently punished him.

The next day I tightened the discipline and I soon saw that a growing tension existed, and that it was only a matter of time before there would be trouble.

On the third morning when we set out to work, I was rather surprised and puzzled by the cheerful attitude of the "bad conduct" prisoners.

They marched along with their pick-handles swinging, for all the world as if they were going on a picnic.

We made our way slowly through the long grass, and when we had gone a little way the men stopped.

Wondering why they had halted, I looked round at one of the toughs near me. As I did so, I saw that all eyes were on the man and me. The prisoner looked at me wildly.

"Come on," I commanded.

At once he assumed a threatening attitude, shaking his fist in my face and jabbering that he was not going to stand any more nonsense from me.

It was difficult for me to hold my temper. The reason I didn't lose it was because such action would have resulted in a general revolt.

"All right," I called to an Askari warder, "take him back to jail."

Turning to the others, I told them to move on. They obeyed with surprising docility, but you could sense that there was still something in the wind. This was revealed a hundred yards farther on, when I was suddenly attacked by five of the toughest convicts in the gang.

Before I realised what was happening I felt the vicious blows of pickshafts on my head and shoulders.

Then I saw something which convinced me I had reached my last day on earth. Only a few feet away, swinging a pick-axe, was a huge negro. His eyes were glittering with fury.

My Angoni corporal, who had been attacked first, now sprang forward to my assistance. Fighting furiously, I managed to draw my revolver. They beat my corporal to the ground, and it looked as if they would kill him.

I DID not hesitate to shoot, but I made sure that the bullet would not be fatal.

The sound of the shot frightened the men, who scattered and ran. As they did so a warder raised his rifle and fired. One of the convicts collapsed in the long grass with a bullet in his shoulder. He died in less than an hour.

The bullies fled to the compound for refuge, but the native civilians who were in there soon drove them out.

As I came up I saw two convicts running away with their hands above their heads. I could have shot them dead, but instead ordered them to stop. Then I walked through the squads of panic-stricken natives and did my best to restore order.

But the excitement was not yet over. Turning to my right, I was terrified to see my corporal, who was badly battered about the head, aiming his rifle at me. At first I thought he had lost his reason, and was going to shoot. Then I saw one of the prisoners rushing towards me.

The man was only terror-stricken—he did not mean to harm me.

I shouted to my men to lower their rifles, and the convicts to collect in a group.

The official enquiry which followed the chain gang revolt took several days to finish.

My staff and I were vindicated and praised for the way we had handled the situation.

The brave little Angoni corporal was rewarded by being promoted to the rank of sergeant.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Pontet's Prospects

SEVERAL enquiries have been received concerning the Grand National prospects of Pontet.

If mares had a better record in the great 'chase at Aintree, Pontet might be given a great chance, but they have drawn blank since Shannon Lass triumphed in 1902.

Pontet is good. She slammed the Scottish National winner, Rightun, recently, and last year won the Irish National and the Conyngham Cup.

The Conyngham Cup, a four miles affair, is run at Punchestown, and only the best jumpers can get the country.

Best bets at Windsor this week-end may be Menton and Kate Cosmo.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 20, to Wednesday, January 26.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

S939SFKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. JJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

VARNENE
THE MORE DURABLE
OIL VARNISH STAIN
FOR FLOORS & FURNITURE
VARNENE
GIVES A HARD-WEARING, HIGH-GLOSS FINISH THAT WILL NOT CHIP AND RESISTS SCRATCH.
TINS 6d., 1/- and 1/6.
From Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Dealers.
In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish.
V.CZ.39.
Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester

CROCKERY. 120 asstd. articles 10/-. 48 cups, scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free. Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

FOX BROS. for **SMALLWARES.** Flashlamps, Toilet Goods, Hosiery, etc. Keen Wholesale Price List Free. 36B, Thomas St., Manchester, 4.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

EASY MONEY CAN BE EARNED SELLING DRAPERY TO YOUR FRIENDS, ETC. Fully illustrated wholesale catalogues on receipt of a postcard.—ARCHERS, Castle Gate, Nottingham.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY for CREDIT Traders, Shopkeepers and Beginners. Send for free illus Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods.—Dept. J.B., THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO., LTD., Houndsditch, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE EASY MONEY? 5/- in every £ paid on orders, cash or credit, from our famous Watch and Jewellery Catlg. Spare-time agents wtd.—Anglo-Swiss Products, Dept. J.B.A., 18, Regent St., LONDON, S.W.1.

SPARE-TIME ORGANISERS WANTED FOR 1/- WEEKLY CLUBS.—Furniture, Clothing, Hardware, Household Goods, etc. Good Comm. —no outlay. FREE Bonus Voucher to every Organiser. Giant Art Cat. & Details sent free. —Samuel Driver, Ltd. Marshall St., Leeds, 11.

AGENTS WANTED to sell hose made by the Blind. Congenial employment, good remuneration. Details, SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND, Swiss Cottage, LONDON, N.W.3

BEST Money-maker for Agents. No samples or goods to carry. Liberal commission and cash prizes for you and your customer. Send postcard for details to Ambler, Price and Cole, Ltd., Amprice House, North End Rd., Wembley.

EMPLOYMENT.

VACANCIES OCCUR for thirty men aged 18-23 in the Post Office Eng. Dept. Experience is not required, but applicants must be willing to study technical subjects. Commencing pay £3 13s., rising to £7 per week and upwards, with pension. This is the final offer of entry under the easier conditions. For full particulars apply B.I.E.T. (Dept. 857), 17, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1938 (FREE).—Contains information on pay, prospects and entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-23) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects, with pension. No experience required. For FREE details of vacancies, etc., apply C. C. (Dept. 472), 338, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.1.

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A GREAT Guide to Careers. — FREE. The School's 180-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship, and the Public Services. Write to-day THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY, 569, BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2.

NURSING.—Assistant nurses, resident, women (temporary and permanent staff) required by London County Council. (A) Assistant nurses class I (experienced), £45-£2 10s.-£55. (B) Assistant nurses class II (previous nursing experience not necessary), £40-£2 10s.-£50. Uniform provided.—Apply, Matron-in-Chief, County Hall, S.E.1, enclosing copies of references and stamped addressed foolscap envelope.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE. Attractive careers offered to keen young men, aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult. For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1938 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance Exams., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—Billheads from 3/6 1,000; other lines cheap.—Samples Free with leaflets, "Business Helps." Cruteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60 Rudolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

RETAILERS.—Local trade is limited, so why not sell by post? — the modern method of Trading? Advertise bargain line in *John Bull's* famous "Shop Window" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 800 orders for a 10/- article. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? Start small, grow big. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, Room 32, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

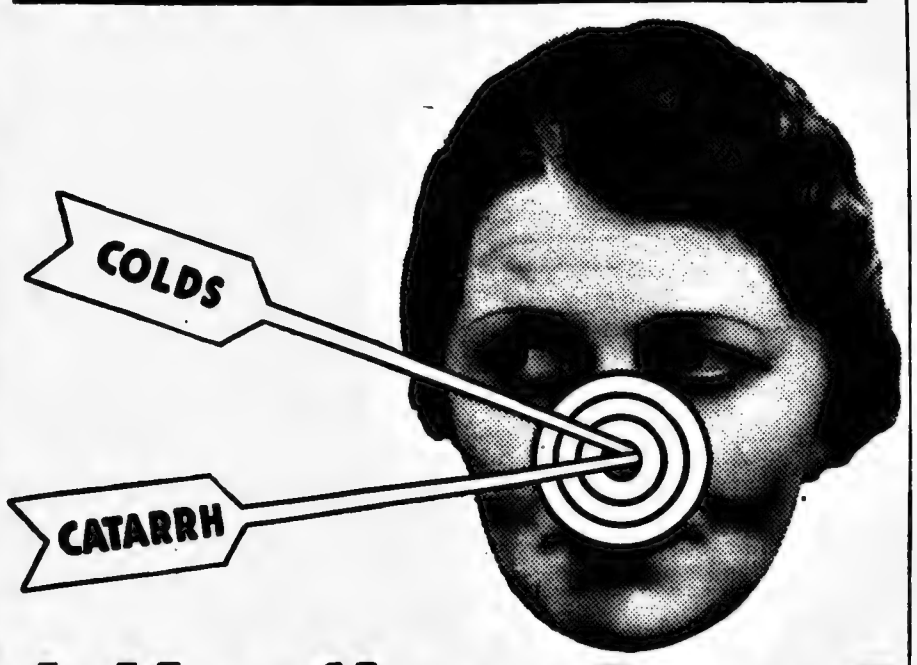
Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

PRINTING.—Cards, Memos, B'heads, 100 1/9, 200 2/6. Handbills, Scentcards, Timesheets, Samps., Tickets, 11, Oaklands Grove, Ldn., W.12.

START a Printing Business at Home and Earn Pound notes with the new Adana Machine. Cash or easy terms.—Write for interesting Free Book, "£ £'s from Print." For address see Adana advertisement top of page 2.

WOOLS.—Knit from 3d. ozs.; Rug from 6½d. lb. Samples and Rug Guide free.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS LIST FREE. — NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, Dept. (J.B.), 228, MILE END RD., LONDON, E.1.



Is Your Nose a Target?

Are you a victim of Catarrh? Is your Nose irritated? Is it choked with germ-laden mucus? Do you get constant Head Colds? Does your throat get thick with phlegm? Are you losing your senses of taste, smell, hearing? Are insidious Catarrh poisons getting the better of you?

CATARRH

- CAUSES CONSTANTLY RECURRING COLDS
- LEADS TO SERIOUS CHEST COMPLAINTS
- DULLS THE BRAIN
- POISONS THE BLOOD STREAM
- CREATES DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES

You can smash Catarrh in a few days. You can wake up To-morrow feeling 100% better than today!

'Mentholatum' enables you to STOP Catarrh where it starts. Clear your NOSE—and keep it clear—with 'Mentholatum'. This amazing breathable balm—when applied into the nostrils—volatilises instantly. Its super-active antiseptic vapours disperse choking mucus, rid your nose of germs, subdue inflammation, stop infection and open up stuffed breathing passages. 'Mentholatum' Brand Balm stays where it is put and keeps active for hours. There is nothing like it. It stops Head Colds overnight and even Chronic Catarrh yields to it! Of All Chemists at 6d. & 1/3. Get some today.

6 MENTHOLATUM BRAND BALM
D. and 1/3 all chemists—Stops The Attack or Money Back

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WHeT RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 53, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS. Balloons, Hats, Novelties, Decorations. Send for free bargain list.—"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS FROM 2½d. ROLL. Patterns of BRITAIN'S BEST VALUE. Post Free.—BRUCE & HALL (DEPT. J.B.) SOUTH SHIELDS.

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WALLPAPERS for Householders and traders from 2d.; 250 patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. S), Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

SHEETS AND PILLOW-CASES. Made in our own factory. Send for list to DODSWORTH MFG. CO., LTD., 9, PARR STREET, LIVERPOOL.

TAILORED SHIRTS. EXCELLENT QUALITY, SMART DESIGNS. PERFECT FIT. 9/6 AND 11/6, C.O.D. INCL. 2 COLLARS.—WRITE FOR PATTERNS. TAYLOR, 5, NORMAN AVENUE, BRADFORD.

CEDARWOOD Garden Sheds and Garages last a lifetime and cost little more. Cedarwood won't warp or shrink. Needs no paint. Obtainable from 2/- down. See advertisement on p. 3.

FREE to Cyclists. Buy your 1938 Cycle now direct from Coventry and get a guinea Dynamo Lighting Set absolutely Free. Special easy terms. Send for Free Lists and compare prices. See advt. of Edward O'Brien, Ltd., in *John Bull's* Shop Window, page 2.

BABY CLOTHES.—EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment beautifully Home-made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Home and Welfare centres. 75-garment Layette with full-size Shawl, 30/-; or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including flannels, woollies, Silk Robes and Handsome Shawl. Send 2/- for pcl. on appro (Cash or Terms.)—Mrs J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

1/6 DEPOSIT secures the Ambron Reducing Corset offered on page 39.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

£ S. D. OF EGGS.—Make Big Money by following the expert advice given in "The Feathered World Year Book, 1937," mine of information—over 300 pages and 80 illustrations in photogravure. To obtain this great work send 2/6 to "The Feathered World" (Dept. J.B 3), 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS. Drums and Access. Trumpets, Guitars. 1d. p.c. brings new 1938 68-p. cat. free. Easiest terms. Part Exchanges.—J. B. Raymond Co., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

JOE WYNDHAM (Jack Payne's Drummer).—Drums, Musical Instruments. Cash or Terms. —"The Ba droom," 12, Little Newport St., London, W.C.2.

YOU can get attractive Murphy Mains Table and other models on hire-purchase terms. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts, for catalogue, etc. See p. 16.

THE piano-accordion illustrated on page 34 can be obtained for as little as 2/6 weekly. Fill in the coupon for free fully illustrated lists of this and other models, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to J. T. Lamy & Co., 10/12, Charterhouse Street, London, E.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

GREY HAIR AND PREMATURE BALDNESS can hamper you. Don't let Hair troubles let you down. HAIRLO restores strength and colour to thinning, greying Hair, arrests Dandruff and promotes growth. Definitely a Tonic, Not a Dye. Post free, 2/6.—CROME CO., LR FOWNES STREET, DUBLIN

RUPTURED! Don't suffer any longer. Try Blunden's marvellous new invention. Only weighs a few ounces, yet is so strong that it will hold any rupture, however severe, firmly and gently. Free Trial. — Blunden's Surgical Appliance Co., Ltd. (Dept. 829W), 9-15 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

SUFFERERS from Backache and Kidney trouble can obtain a valuable free booklet from Cystopurin (Dept. J.B.25), Genatosan, Ltd., Loughborough, Leics. See page 38.

FREE.—All those who suffer with chest and head colds, catarrh, etc., can obtain a generous sample of Thermogene Vapour Rub free of charge. This latest wonder remedy will be sent for your trial if you fill in the coupon at once on page 23, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Thermogene Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.11), 160, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Send to-day, now, while you think of it, and see how this double-action remedy will loosen and clear the stuffiness of the nasal passages and quickly break up the cold.

FREE.—A generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative, is offered to every reader who sends a postcard, mentioning *John Bull*, to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. D.1), 15, Thames House, Westminster, London, S.W.1. See page 34.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on page 33 for free sample of Elasto, the biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, fully explaining the Elasto Treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it

SUFFERERS from hair troubles can obtain a testing packet of Kotalko, the hair grower, and a tablet of Kotalko soap on receipt of 3d. and the coupon on page 31 filled in with your name and address.

FREE.—A most informative book on the eyes, "How to Preserve the Eyesight," is offered by the makers of the famous Singleton's Eye Ointment. To secure your copy, fill in the coupon on page 37, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Stephen Green, Ltd. (Dept. J.), 210 Lambeth Road, London, S.E.1

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—A. A. LEWIS, 22, TIB LANE, MANCHESTER, 2.

PEARL ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—SECRETARY, PIONEER SALES, 18, CHRISTCHURCH RD., WINCHESTER.

FREE Cash Prizes. £25 in prizes are offered by the proprietors of Diploma Cheese for the best last line to the Limerick on page 27. Read the conditions carefully and send in your entry now. Don't delay—you may forget.

ACCEPT this free offer. You can get a sample of Vaseline Hair Tonic by sending a 1d. postcard to Dept. J.B.3, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. You'll never suffer from dry scalp if you use this perfect hair-dressing. Vaseline Hair Tonic will give you vigorous, healthy hair. See page 24.

BE FIT. FEEL FIT AND KEEP FIT! Be a superman! You can do it easily by filling in the coupon on page 8 and obtaining full particulars of the "World Beater" course of home training for the small sum of 1/- per week. Apparatus is sent free. Pupils can participate for valuable cash prizes which are being awarded month by month on progress reported. Act at once. Turn to the offer on pages 4 and 5 and send for full particulars by filling in and sending the coupon.

FINE PENSION and CASH OFFER for 'John Bull's' Crossword with HANDSOME BONUS GIFTS!

2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

20/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £300

CLOSING SAT. JAN. 29

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

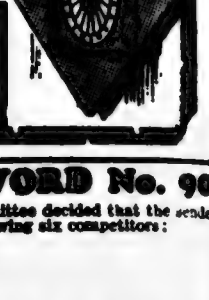
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR 2ND RUNNERS-UP

YOU CAN BE 'JOHN BULL'S' 34th PENSIONER! **£500**

PATENT DART CABINET AND BOARD
COMPLETE WITH DARTS

With each prize of £1 or more goes a handsome walnut "Bradwood" Darts Cabinet of patent design, with full-size Board and Darts, providing endless home entertainment for you and your family. If preferred, Crossword Season Ticket

VALUE **£2**



ACROSS CLUES

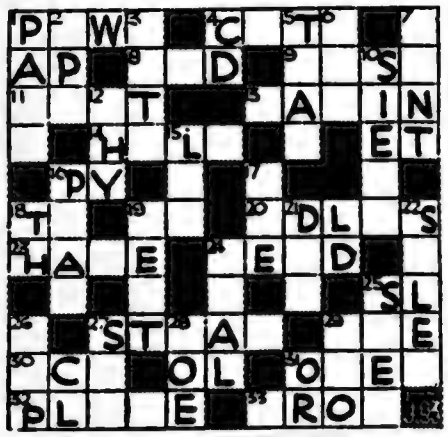
1. Smallest chessman
4. Are sometimes attended to by nurses
8. Solitary people tend to grow this quickly
9. Leisure
11. Repose
13. It's usually easy to make slips in
14. One's furniture is this when there's no money to pay rent
18. Both ends of tail
19. In middle of fiddle
20. What idler does
23. Sometimes easy to see through
24. Without life
27. Sometimes found in kennels
29. Consumed
30. High card
31. Poems in modesty
32. There's usually a special one for pet's food
33. Collier's is usually grimy with coal

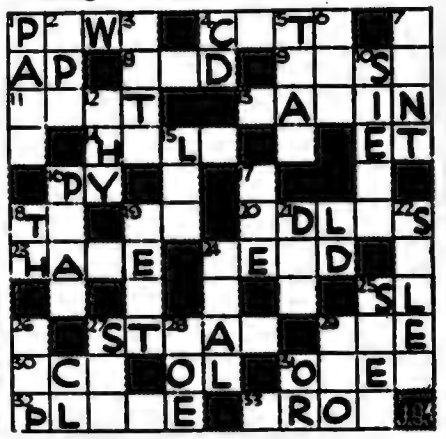
DOWN CLUES

1. Motorist usually has to pay for one
2. Large monkey
3. Short letter
5. One expects this to be strong
6. Occupied a seat
7. Ideal for open air holiday
10. Grit is sometimes seen in a big one
12. Timid
15. One frequently sees copper with a bad one
16. It's wise for architect to bring fresh ideas into
17. Stale one won't go down well
19. Straightening this out often makes a hole in tin
21. Often gives way under great pressure
22. These in refrigerators are good in the hottest weather
24. Minutes of one are often difficult to read
25. An Irish one is tasty
26. Is usually taken off with an air of politeness
27. Ocean
28. Eggs of fishes
29. Fuss

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 93. Closing SATURDAY, JAN. 29, 1938.





In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

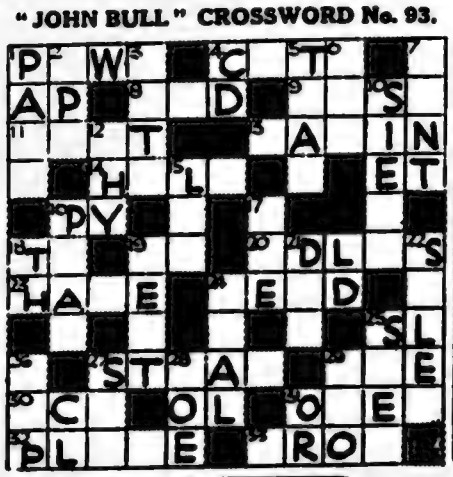
SIGNED .....

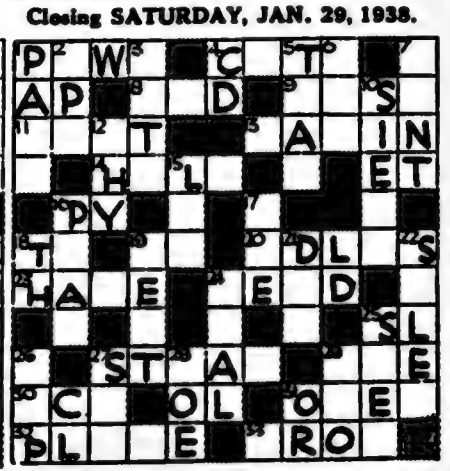
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 93. Closing SATURDAY, JAN. 29, 1938.





In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

6 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 90.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 90, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square (see below) were the following six competitors:

M. Andrews, Eryn Road, Tondu, Bridgend.
Mrs. Brady, Drumcor, Drumcoonick, Cavan, I.F.S.
A. C. Fountain, 24, Bishop Market, East Street, Barking.
R. N. Hogarth, 33, Ferguson Street, Stirling.
Mrs. R. H. Holt, Bishop-on-Ure, Ripon.
A. J. Kelm, Desmond, Desmond Road, Canvey Island, Essex.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £500, and a Cheque for £83 6s. 8d. will be sent to each, together with a Bonus Gift value £2.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, January 25, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

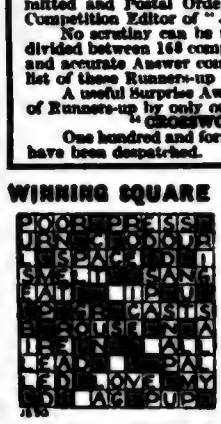
No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 168 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive 11s. 11d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 1,350 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

"CROSSWORD GAZETTE" BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 90.

One hundred and forty-four competitors qualified to share the extra £200 offered and payments of £1 7s. 10d. have been despatched.

WINNING SQUARE

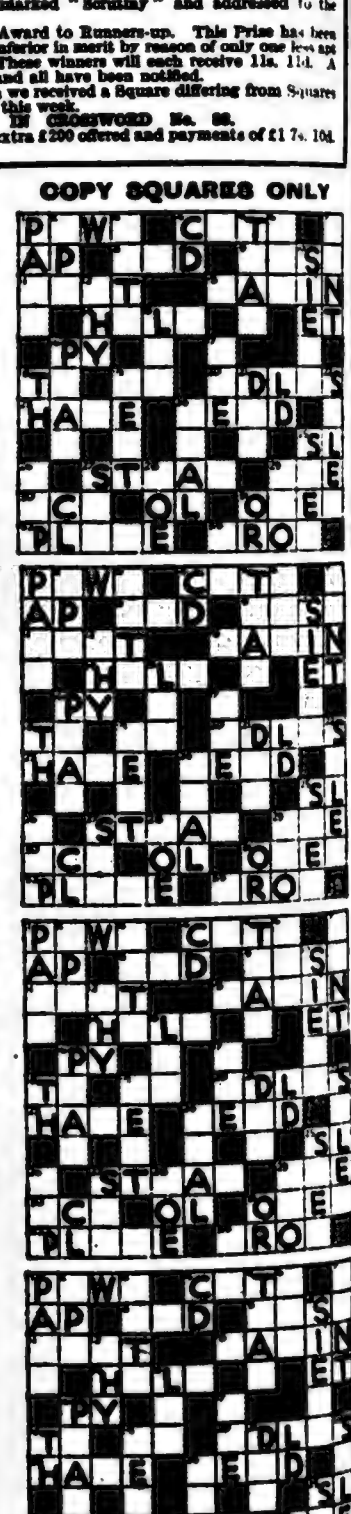


The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square on left.

Spaces are left blank to indicate that at these points RIP or SIP, BALL or GALL, BAG or MAG, and COG or HOG were regarded as apt words of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your free weekly copy by using reservation coupon below.

COPY SQUARES ONLY



READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, January 29, 1938.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull," each entrant may submit SIX EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms (16 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 10. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, February 15, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 Cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 38.

FREE Enclose this Coupon with your Entry to secure Free Weekly Aid of "Crossword Gazette."

Affix 1½d. Stamp here

Affix 1½d. Stamp here

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "John Bull's" "Crossword Gazette," containing Crossword Adjudication Committee's findings and other practical aid with "John Bull's" puzzles.

I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage on my free copies.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 93, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

I Saw for Myself

What breaks dog-lovers' hearts

by a "John Bull" Investigator

IN an isolated district in South London there is a compound containing more than two hundred pens. All day long there is the cheerful yapping and barking of dogs, which at feeding-time develops into a tumultuous chorus.

For this is one of the many quarantine stations situated in various parts of England under the strict regulations which compel a dog imported into this country to remain segregated for a matter of six months in order to prevent the dread danger of rabies.

For years I had read of the stories of misery of dogs forced to remain in solitary confinement for a half-year. I had been told of owners who had almost collapsed when their dogs were taken from them on arrival at ports of disembarkation.

And everybody has heard of the ingenious attempts made by dog owners to smuggle their pets into England without going through the requisite quarantine.

So I went to a quarantine station to see for myself. I found two hundred of the most cheerful-looking dogs I have ever seen.

Dogs of all kinds, breeds and strains. Dogs worth hundreds of pounds. Dogs worth a few shillings only. But all looked after with the same care.

Pekinese frisking about, seeming glad they are to be six months without the indigestible tit-bits given them by their too-fond owners in the ordinary way.

Spaniels and Labradors gradually shedding superfluous flesh and rejoicing in renewed fitness and condition.

Fact is that six months' quarantine has been a blessing in disguise to many dogs which would otherwise have sunk gradually to a sluggish death through wrong or over-feeding.

Yet even so, officials at quarantine stations all over the country are daily pestered by abusive letters from dog owners who seem to think they are to blame for everything.

At intervals rich owners come secretly down to the station and try to bribe the kennelmaids to release dogs on some pretext or other.

★ ★ ★

At the station I visited I was told of an instance in which a wealthy American industrialist and his wife paid regular visits ostensibly to see their dog but actually to try to secure its release before the stipulated time.

They offered bribes running into very large sums if an official would report to the Ministry of Agriculture that the animal had "died" and then hand it over at the back door. Naturally such methods met with no success. But the American was not deterred. He began to approach the head of the organisation. First of all he sent him complimentary tickets for the opera and leading West End theatres. The tickets went into the waste-paper basket.

Finally there came a long telephone call in which the American offered to give a sum of three figures if his wife's dog was released at once.

★ ★ ★

It was only the forbearance of the official in question which prevented legal action being taken on the ground of attempted corruption.

Quarantine was instituted to keep rabies, or hydrophobia, from Great Britain.

A dog may carry the germs for six months and even more before it becomes dangerous. Then, of course, it has to be destroyed at once.

I came across a tragic instance.

A certain Indian prince gave £500 for a smooth-haired terrier. It was sent to India, and in a few months had taken first prize in every show in which it was entered in Calcutta, Bombay and Delhi.

So great was its success that the Indian decided to send the animal back to England so that it could be entered in the big London shows and so set a seal on its fame. When the terrier arrived it appeared to be in tip-top condition. As the months passed, so the dog became better and better, and it seemed destined to sweep everything before it when the time came for it to be publicly shown.

"Good-bye, darling." She will not see her pet again for six months

On the statutory day of release, the dog appeared to be perfectly well. There was a delay of about a week, however, before the dog could be collected.

During that time the kennelman noticed a sudden change in the dog's appearance. Presently it began to howl and smash its head against its pen.

It was an obvious case of rabies, and it had developed some days after the required six months' quarantine. It was immediately destroyed, and one of the great dogs of modern times disappeared.

Here is a happier story. It concerns a half-Alsatian dog of the kind you see drawing little carts in the streets of Belgium. This particular dog had been acquired by a well-known English film actor when it was a puppy.

Owner and dog were inseparable. It accompanied its master to studio and dressing-room.

Time came when its owner was induced by offers of big money to go to Hollywood. The dog went with him as a matter-of-course. The actor stayed in America for a number of years.

When times were good, he was never out of work, but in the days of the slump there came long periods of unemployment.

But the actor would not return to England because of his dog and that dread six months' quarantine.

Eventually things became so bad that the actor had to accept an offer to appear in London, and he brought the dog back, firmly believing it would fret and die. It was twelve years of age.

★ ★ ★

He insisted on taking a house near the quarantine station, so that he and his wife could visit their pet every day.

He was told that if he did so the dog would fret and would not survive the six months' period.

Eventually it was admitted and put in an ordinary pen where it could see and hear other dogs close by.

The effect was very remarkable. This twelve-year-old dog, which had not mixed with other dogs for long years, began to take a new interest in life. By the end of the six months he was barking more loudly than any other in the row of kennels.

Discharged at the age of twelve-and-a-half, the old animal is better than it has been for years.

Since 1921 there has been no serious outbreak of rabies among human beings in Great Britain, and from then onwards dogs have been admitted to quarantine at the rate of more than 1,000 a year.

There has not been a single death, although there have been many in countries having no quarantine stations.

If it breaks dog-lovers' hearts to part with their pets for six months, there is consolation for them in the fact that ours is the only country in the world where we can keep our pets without fear.

Ruined by Flood

FLOODS arise on occasions as quickly as fires, and can do as much damage.

Imagine the agony of mind of a young husband, returning home after a cloud-burst—no rare occurrence—to find his house a wreck.

His wife, standing by, hopeless to stem the floodwater pouring in. Not even clean water but yellow, muddy muck, with filth from drains, surging into the rooms on the ground floor.

Everything soaked and ruined. As the water slowly recedes, they realise the ruin done to much of their furniture and such of their treasures as the flood could reach. No wonder despair crosses the wife's features.

At first they had forgotten that the JOHN BULL registration covered them. The husband knew that insurance companies were very chary of giving protection for flood damage in a great many districts.

Those especially who live in the neighbourhood of flooded areas or along river valleys find it not easy to obtain cover.

However, this married couple had had the foresight to accept JOHN BULL'S offer of a free insurance, and appreciated the wisdom of completing the Registration Coupons.

When acknowledging receipt of our cheque making good the damage, the husband wrote: "I may say I was greatly surprised to receive it, as I did not really believe any newspaper honestly covered such risks."

* * *

JOHN BULL is the only newspaper in the world to safeguard its readers against fire, storm, flood, and sickness, as well as giving numerous accident benefits.

Have you protected yourself and your loved ones?

It is the work of a minute—and the coupon awaits you on page 18.

Indigestion

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Of all the aches and pains which patients come and tell me about, indigestion pains are probably the most common. "I get such stabbing, griping pains after meals," they say, or "my meals give me such a horrible full-up feeling."

Well, it doesn't take long to put these patients right. Their trouble is excess stomach acid—burning acid which ferments in the stomach and leads to all sorts of painful symptoms. In these cases, I simply prescribe 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the standard antacid compound. Within five minutes 'Bisurated' Magnesia neutralises excess acid, and so stops all pain and discomfort. If you suffer from any form of stomach trouble, I strongly recommend you to try 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia—referred to by Dr. Scott—is available at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

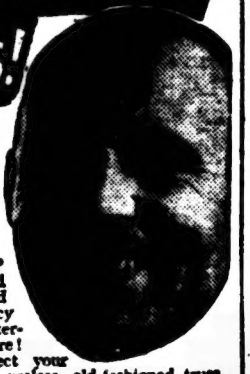
SORE, BLOODSHOT, WEAK and WATERY EYES are relieved at once by applying a touch of Singleton's Eye Ointment on retiring. Famous for over 340 years as the most soothing and healing eye salve for eye troubles.

From all Chemists or direct at 2/9 per pot.

SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT

Write for FREE book "How to Preserve the Eyesight"
STEPHEN GREEN LTD. (Dept. J),
210, Lambeth Road, London, S.E.1.

STOP your RUPTURE Worries!



Why endure Rupture when you can be fit and active in a few days from now? Whatever your age or sex, whatever you have tried, we know the famous **Brooks Rupture Appliance** will STOP your worries for good—pleasantly, instantly and painlessly, in the privacy of your home, without interfering with work or pleasure! It's dangerous to neglect your Rupture. Don't wear a useless, old-fashioned truss. Instead, enjoy the comfort and security that only **Brooks** can offer—lead an active life, knowing that your **Brooks** is healing as well as holding. Feather-light, invisible, durable, yet really **CHEAP IN PRICE**. 3,200 doctors recommend Brooks. You owe it to yourself and family to find out about this proved invention. Avoid dangerous risks. Act now. Overcome your Rupture. Find out how you may **TRY A BROOKS FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE.** Send for free book now (sent in plain sealed envelope,) and stop your rupture worries for ever!

COUPON for FREE BOOK

(Post to either London or Manchester)

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(B30P), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2,
(B30P), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for Rupture and your **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

Name .....

Address .....

(Please write plainly) .....

GALL STONES

and inflammation of the gall bladder

THE bile in the gall bladder, where it is stored up as in a little reservoir, may become too concentrated owing to the loss of fluid content, so favouring formation of gall stones.

These stones are small hard lumps formed of dried bile, and often arise in middle-aged men and women The occurrence of gall stones is hastened and encouraged whenever there is an unhealthy condition of the gall bladder and viaduct

Occasional slight attacks of jaundice and biliousness always suggest that this mischief may be brewing, and a course of Cystopurin (s.s-toe-pew-rin) tablets should be taken at once.

A DOCTOR WRITES:—

"*Cystopurin worked well in cure of cholecystitis (inflammation of the gall bladder) and cleared up all symptoms and tenderness. There is no doubt it is good and far easier to take and absorb than any similar preparation.*" — M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

Get Cystopurin tablets from your chemist to-day. They are put up in bottles, price 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, and are obtainable only from chemists.

Free booklet on application to Cystopurin Dept. J.B.25

GENATOSAN Ltd., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

CYSTOPURIN

STOMACH TROUBLES BANISHED

QUICKLY—SURELY—NATURALLY

Are you subject to attacks of indigestion, flatulence, acidity? Do you dread the after-effects of even the lightest meals? If so, your stomach is at fault. Why not restore, at once, its strength and tone? Nature will help you to do so—Nature in the form of Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. This old-time remedy is made of herbs, roots and barks, and nothing better has been discovered for restoring the digestive organs to healthy activity. Take Mother Seigels daily after meals, and food will no longer distress but nourish you. You will enjoy your meals and know the blessing of good digestion and good health. 1/3 and 3/- at Chemists everywhere.

CROSSWORD No. 93.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 36 is presented the ninety-third of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Llewellyn Alexander, Litt.D., D.Litt., M.A., and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, February 10, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on page 36. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE

of New Treatment for CHEST & HEAD COLDS

Fill in the Coupon on page 25.

DON'T let that cold take hold of you. Thermogene Vapour Rub will quickly loosen and clear the stuffiness and congestion of the nasal and bronchial passages and quickly break up the cold.

A free generous sample of Thermogene Vapour Rub will be sent to all readers who fill in the coupon on p. 25. Be sure to post to the Thermogene Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.11), 16a, Piccadilly, London, W.1. This offer is too good to be missed, so hurry—act at once and try this New and Efficacious Remedy NOW. Turn to p. 25.

Dad . . . **Put Out** **by Maz**

The Editor Laughs Last

SPINSTER (London, W.5).—"I'm very keen on athletic sports." Keep clear of the married ones.

P. B. (Perth).—"When my wife and I see that a quarrel is near we both break into melody." Songs without words, eh?

DISILLUSIONED (Edgware).—"Some girls seem to have a knack of getting an engagement ring from a fellow." It's a gift.

SOPHIE (Wimbledon).—"All the people at the tea-party were between the ages of forty and fifty." A middle-aged spread.

W. B. W. (Leith).—"No efficient business can afford to carry passengers in these competitive times." What about an omnibus company?

W. L. (Birmingham).—"I can't get rid of a number of dud watches that I've had in stock for years." You want them to go.

G. F. (Epsom).—"It usually pays a steeplechase jockey to get his horse over the first jump before the rest of the field." Provided, of course, that he goes with it.

ASTROLOGER (Dulwich).—"There is a dark outlook over every home." Ah, the chimney.

TRAVELLER (London, W.).—"I actually encountered a well-known card-sharper on an air liner." Up to his tricks?

HUBBY (Baldock).—"Fine clothes seem to turn a woman's head." Especially when they're worn by her next-door neighbour.

E. R. S. (Cromer).—"Some people think the local scenery is wonderful, but I don't agree at all." You've got a different view?

HOUSEWIFE (Derby).—"I confess I did a very foolish thing the other day when some butter I had bought got wet in the rain." Did you put it in the oven to dry?

P. P. (Blackheath).—"I was invited to several parties over Christmas and the New Year, although I cannot sing or play any instrument." Perhaps that was why.

R. A. (Gorleston).—"I have been a cobbler for many years, and now I intend retiring in favour of my eldest son." You think it's time someone stepped into your shoes.

S. D. (Lincoln).—"So many people wanted to hear what I had to say about the flooding of the rivers that the hall was entirely filled, and I had to address a large crowd outside." An overflow meeting.

DOCTOR (London, N.).—"I was not really annoyed when I pointed out to him that he had been taking his medicine at irregular intervals, but he became very angry indeed." He took it the wrong way.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write clearly, marking your envelope "Free Advice," and the replies given here to [illegible] correspondents are for your [illegible]

G. N. (Chorley Wood).—"He owes me a fiver, but all he would pay was half a crown." That was the limit!

'PHONE OPERATOR (Ipswich).—"Sometimes I get all tangled up with my 'phone numbers." Well, look where you live!

A. B (Looe).—"He told me that his business failure had put him up a gum-tree." Things were sticky with him.

P. K. (Putney).—"Because she was losing at bridge, my wife flew into a temper." And left the room with a grand slam?

R. T. (Hampstead).—"He refused to answer my question as to what he had done with the money I lent him." You couldn't get anything out of him.

P. M. (Hendon).—"During the fog, I crashed through a fence into a place where timber is stored." You couldn't see a yard ahead?

B. L. (Laindon).—"Is there any difference of meaning in 'nothing' and 'nil'?" None.

A. C. C. (Streatham).—"I hate to be at the mercy of a plumber." That's the feeling about all hold-up men.

GARDENER (Hitchin). — "I find that snails are getting very much bolder these days." Coming out of their shells, eh?

JOHN S. (Liverpool). — "Although I have a rule against attending rowdy football matches, I do relax it now and then." You let yourself go occasionally.

HENRY (Basingstoke).—"Because I was so young, they wouldn't let me help them with the refreshments." Perhaps they were afraid you would help yourself.

F. S. (St. Helens).—"I was rather dubious about a share in his travelling menagerie, so I made sure he was on the level regarding the partnership." You didn't want any of his monkey business.

V. P. (Hereford).—"I have reason to suppose that there's some secret plan to lay a cable across my fields, but I can't find out anything about it." You think there's some underground work going on.

ORATOR (Liverpool). — "During my address cries of 'piffle!' were followed by so much noise that I picked up my hat and went." You gave up trying to talk through it.

ALEC (Dewsbury).—"The big business men of the past were cleverer than those of to-day." Noah, for instance. He floated a company when the rest of the world was in liquidation.

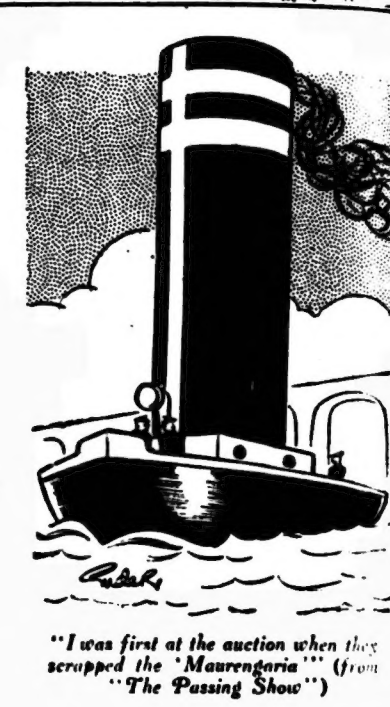
A. C. (Hull).—"Although all my friends say my new overcoat is so long as to make me look a fool, I can see nothing wrong with it." It suits you down to the ground.

K. M. (Southport).—"I intend investigating the rumour that the well contains buried treasure because I don't believe a word of all the stupid talk that is going on." You want to get to the bottom of it.

FRED (Margate).—"We had been good friends until we quarrelled about the atrocious fence he put up." It came between you.

"Bullets" Illustrated;

Village Caruso—Blacksmith — Till Hammer Slipped!



"I was first at the auction when they scrapped the 'Maurengaria'" (from "The Passing Show")

D. M. (Liskeard).—"What can blacksmiths do to get better pay?" Strike for it.

L. L. M. (Dover).—"My wife's always irritable in the mornings. She calls me everything." Does she call you early?

MRS. L. (Penge).—"When getting the water ready to boil a large cauliflower what should I put in it?" The cauliflower.

F. D. (Lewisham).—"I am often up in the morning before my neighbour." Is he a magistrate?

E. A. (Bristol).—"Even if I won a £300 cheque, my wife would collar most of it." We've thought of that, too—you'll find there's an extra £100 for yourself on this week's *Bullets* First Prize.

P. T. (Swanscombe).—"It will cost me quite a bit of money to get the moss off my lawn, but I'll manage it somehow." You'll scrape it together.

OLD-TIMER (London, W.).—"Once for a wager I drove a hansom-cab and finished up in a chemist's window. I was fined the next day." That was the fly in the ointment.

R. G. (Acton).—"I knew he was fond of a joke, but when he told me that wireless sets were being offered at 30s. at a local store, I rushed round only to find that the last one had been disposed of over a week ago." Sold again!

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the prize.

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"Another report on the water received yesterday states that it is pure and WHOLESALE."

CROYDON ADVERTISER:—". . . when he preserved the harvest of the seven fat years in order to provide for the seven years of FAMILY which were to come."

THE DAILY MAIL:—"In consequence of this improvement the differences to be met will be much smaller than at one time seemed IMPOSSIBLE."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—". . . run on such LIES as this as practically to outweigh any anxiety . . ."

SWINDON FOOTBALL PINK:—"Gillingham went hammer and TONGUES during the last few minutes."

THE NIGERIAN DAILY TIMES:—"The DECEASED, who was not represented by counsel, went into the witness-box."

"BULLETS" 1,101 RESULT

First Prize £300 Cash:
H. KERRY, 61, Otley Old Road, Leeds.

Example: CHILDREN NEED
Bullet: "ROOMS." So "PRUNE" HOME-WORK!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE £50:

F. G. BROWNE 58, Lyndhurst Road, Exmouth.
Example: Deadly Germ
Bullet: War—*Kill* By "Culture"!

THIRD PRIZE £25:

Mrs. R. CLARKE, The White Bungalow, Reefham Road, Norwich.
Example: Henpeck's Blunder
Bullet: "Duckie—" Instead Of Ducking!

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: T. E. ROOME, "Stafford," Great Blakenham, Ipswich.
Easily Made—"Ruts." Where "Going's Soft."

£15: D. ASPINALL, Orrell Mount, Richmond Road, Connah's Quay, Chester.
Old Soldier—Grandad—And Dad—And—?

£10: A. MIDGELOW, 11, Norbury Crescent, Stockport.
In The International Game—When In Doubt, "*Trumpet*."

£9 10s.: Mrs. E. BURGE, Woodlands End, Mells, Frome.
For A Rainy Day—"Umbrella" Ill Wind "Snatched."

£9: J. BROWN, Homeland, Flaxfield Road, Basingstoke.
Ideal Hubby—Disappointed His Ambitious Parents!

£8 10s.: J. J. RAYNER, 14, Havelock Street, West Hartlepool.
Interrupted—Their Romance, Daughter's Divorce!

£8: H. EVA, 6, Headland Road, Newquay.
Children Need—Playground's "Groundwork."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£7 10s.: W. HOPPER, 78, Dovedale Road, Liverpool
Ideal Hubby—Greets Milkman—In Pyjamas.

£7: W. S. WESTCOTT, 95, Pine Vale Crescent, Bournemouth.
Interrupted—Homework, Parents' "Good-night, Johnny!"

£6 10s.: A. PENWARDEN, 39, Pond-dhu Road, St. Austell.
In The International Game—"Referee." The Strongest Side.

£6: L. CRAKER, 14, Melbourne Way, Enfield.
Children Need—"Bronzing." Not Hardship's "Steeling."

£5 10s.: R. SEALE, 2, Peach Hall, Tonbridge, Kent.
Through Fire And Water—"Raising Lid." Watt's "Saluted."

£5: G. WALSH, R.A.S.C., Church Street, Kensington.
Turned Her Head—And Pram Became "Ram."

£4 10s.: A. BLACK, Edelweiss, Campbell Street, Darvel, N.B.
Dropping Off—Dad, On Vigilance Committee!

£4: A. JONES, 16, Butterworth Lane, Chadderton, Oldham.
She'd Be Perfect If—*I'd* Her Mother's Eyes!

£3 10s.: A. WARDELL, "Glenmore," Manor Road, Beverley.
In The Unemployed's Home—Another Mouth *Less* Eaten.

£3: G. LESLIE, 17, Victoria Road, Bradford.
Britain's Wealthy, But—Let Recruit Lose Toothbrush——!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Each of the above winners will also receive a Gift Pension of Cigarettes, Newspapers, Chocolates or Stockings for five years.

FIFTY 10s. WINNERS:

Mrs. W. Andrew, 36, Littlewood Street, Rothwell, Kettering; L. R. Barlow, Chaddesley, Corfe Castle; H. Bartlett, 204, Newcombe Road, Portsmouth; N. Benbow, 196, Manchester Road, Oldham; H. Bennett, 312, Brinnington Road, Stockport; G. Billam, 30, Breck Road, Liverpool; Mrs. J. Boyd, 5, Abbotsford Street, Dundee; K. Brownhill, 15, Ingleby Place, Bradford; Miss A. Cashman, 8, North Way, Kingsbury, N.W.; C. F. Church, 1, Sea Corner, Highcliffe; F. D. Church, 74, High Street, Olney; Mrs. A. Clegg, 35, Carlton Street, Mansfield, Notts; L. Cowan, 10, Gore Road, Victoria Park, E.; L. Crossley, 4, Pridmouth Road, Manchester; W. Day, 18, Stamford Street, Portsmouth; Mrs. Dear, 253, Dallow Road, Luton; J. Earnshaw, 53, Vale Fold, Oakworth; L. R. Edwards, 58, Hall Road, Peckham Rye, S.E.; W. C. Flint, 16, Murray Road, Rugby; J. Graham, Torland, Ashgill, Larkhall, Lanarkshire; N. Greenwood, 33, Ferriby Road, Hessle; A. Hargreaves, 84, Westfield Road, Heaton; K. Hodgson, 72, Harrington Road, Workington; T. Kelly, 65, Louth Road, Sheffield; W. Kessle, 15, Tintern Drive, Moreton, Ches.; A. Martin, 85, Scylla Road, Peckham, S.E.; Mrs. D. W. Maxwell, 3, Hallsham Road, West Worthing; R. C. Merrick, 176, Stapleton Hall Road, Stroud Green; Mrs. M. Minto, 42, Hart Road, West Hartlepool; F. Newbound, 4, Petit Road, Bournemouth; Mrs. W. Oldbury, 9, Beechdale Crescent, Sutton-in-Ashfield; A. E. Perkins, 35, Merton Road, Liscard, Ches.; W. Pratt, 16, Westfield Grove, Wrose, Shipley; W. F. Price, 59, King's Road, Windsor; W. Randon, 57, James Street, Coalville; J. R. W. Reid, Grade, Boundstone, Surrey; Mrs. W. Relf, 96, Florence Road, Maidstone; G. Rolfe, The Bungalow, Hartley Wintney; M. Silverwood, Kirby-Misperton, Malton; Miss E. Smith, 31, Westwood Road, Southampton; C. Smallbridge, 46, Fore Street, Ivybridge; W. Stake, 1, Park Avenue, Douglas, Isle of Man; Miss A. Thurlow, 30, St. John's Street, Huntingdon; T. Warburton, 40, Pendine Street, Cheetham; F. D. Wells, Greatfield, Framfield; Miss M. Williams, 4, Heather Road, Newport, Mon.; E. Willis, 34, Mornington Terrace, London, N.W.; S. D. Wilson, Braehead, Blake Hill, Parkstone; E. W. Young, 9, Royal Buildings, Penarth; T. Young, Pax, Wycombe Road, Marlow.

A list of 280 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices, and 300 New Year Prizes have also been despatched.

PRIZES INCREASED £825 NEW ONE-WEEK OFFER!
BIG 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE
£400
PLUS £9·9s BONUS AWARD
2ND PRIZE £50 PLUS BONUS
3RD PRIZE £25 PLUS BONUS
£15 £10 5 of £5 10 of £2·10
EACH WITH £9·9s BONUS AWARD
50 of 10/- 500 of 2/6
6,000 NEW MYSTERY PRIZES EACH WITH £175 OFFER
CHOOSE YOUR
£9·9s BONUS, ALL-WAVE RADIO or TYPEWRITER
The 20 Winners of £2.10s. up to £400 will be invited to choose as Bonus Award either a 5-valve "Halcyon" All-wave Radio or a Remington Home Portable Typewriter.

Cheques, Radios, Typewriters and new Mystery Awards

HERE is another bumper one-week *Bullets* prize-list, with awards to the total value of over £825. Use care and common-sense in tackling your fascinating job and there is no reason why your reward should not be a substantial JOHN BULL cheque, to which you would be privileged to add your choice of two fine £9 9s. Bonus Awards.

Climb to a place amongst this Contest's 20 principal winners and the notification of your big cash success will bring you JOHN BULL's invitation to select as a Bonus either a superb 5-valve "Halcyon" All-wave Radio or else a handy "Remington" Home Portable Typewriter.

On Friday, February 11, some "Bulleteer" will receive JOHN BULL's congratulations on capturing the £400-plus-Bonus First. If you want that golden Joy Wire, start on the *Examples* as soon as you have read through the following simple instructions.

Select, say, half a dozen *Examples* and add to each one all the ideas it suggests.

Now, a finished *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*. Your next step, then, is to compress and improve your rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example* UNLESS WE KICK you had first jotted down *Dictators May Well Rule World*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, UNLESS WE KICK—WORLD BECOMING DICTATORS' "FOOTBALL."

Now study the good points of the leading *Bullets* in our 1,101st Contest which appear on this page, noticing how each effort fits its *Example* closely and expresses its meaning clearly in simple words.

Now make a start without delay, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, January 29.

Add 2, 3, or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,105)

SHOPKEEPER BRITANNIA
BOMB FOR THE WAR-MONGER
OPPORTUNITY'S 'BUS
FOR THOSE IN PERIL
POLICEWOMAN DORA
UNLESS WE KICK
GENEVA'S STRENGTH
AGE OF EDUCATION
AFTER APOLOGIZING
ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN, SO
NOW I'M ENGAGED
BOWING TO THE STORM

OUTWITTED	FULL OF LIFE
SHAPING WELL	AT SEA
LEAKING	STRIKES ME
IN A FRENZY	UNPOPULAR
LIKE FIDO	THE FLEET
BETTER WORK	HARD BED

THE RIGHT TREATMENT
UP WENT THE LIGHTS AND
IF WIFEY HAD HER WAY
SMOOTH AS VELVET
IN HER SPARE TIME
WOMAN TO CHOOSE
STEPPING ON IT
ONCE HE WAS FAMOUS, BUT
PLAYING A LONE HAND
BECAUSE WE'RE POOR
TRAGEDY IN CHINA
WHEN HUBBY'S IN DANGER

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

FREE HELP WITH YOUR "BULLETS"

TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" ENTRY.

Affix 1½ stamp here

Affix 1½ stamp here

Please register me for six weeks' supply of *Bullets Bulletin*. "John Bull's" free weekly aid for would-be winners. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,105) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 29.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,105) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 29.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....
Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,105) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 29.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,105) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 29.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....
Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,105 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,105, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

World's Record Testimonial?

GRATEFUL WOMAN'S 750 WORDS OF UNSOLICITED PRAISE FOR

"Yeast-Vite"

BRAND TABLETS

WHAT greater evidence can be advanced of the value of "Yeast-Vite" in the daily lives of everybody than this eloquent letter?

Dear Sirs,—I wish to add my testimony to your already huge list of testimonials from all parts.

"Nervous Breakdown"

Last August I had a complete Nervous Breakdown which had been threatening me for some months. But I struggled on. On coming down one morning I found I could not carry on any longer.

I told my husband that I would try "Yeast-Vite" After the first dose I felt refreshed, and by the end of the week I was better than I had been for three or four years. In fact people said as I met them, "Hello, you do look well. Been on Holiday?"

"Dreaded A Holiday"

The fact that I had not had a holiday for 17 years made the wonder greater. Really, I dreaded a holiday because only to ride or walk far gave me dreadful headaches and I was even beginning to dread talking to people.

It was a lucky thing for me I was able to make such a rapid recovery, for that week I was offered some work, which had I not been able to do would have meant a loss to us.

"Relatives' Enthusiasm"

Some relatives of my husband visited me and when they knew all about my case they were not content until they had tried "Yeast-Vite." (I could write sheet after sheet if I told you all the little episodes in which your tablets were mentioned and recommended.)

I went for a holiday with them, the first since my honeymoon, and taking care I had a bottle of "Yeast-Vite" with me. I had a lovely fortnight. When I left there were four different lots of "Yeast-Vite" in the house, besides mine. My brother-in-law said, "You're a perfect angel of health to have brought us these tablets—and you are a wonderful testimony to them."

"Oh! For A 'Yeast-Vite'"

I must tell you one more incident in connection with this holiday of mine. It was spent in South Wales and I came home by boat. I am an awful sailor and I forgot I had used up all my "Yeast-Vite" Tablets until I came to the dock, when I discovered the empty bottle in my bag.

There was no time to get more, so I had to put up with it. At the end of the journey I was feeling very unwell, and as we sat having a cup of tea in one of the teashops on the front I said to my friends, "Oh, for a 'Yeast-Vite'—that would put me right for the rest of my journey."

"The Good Samaritan"

Imagine my astonishment when a lady sitting by my side turned to me and said, "Do you mean to say you have found benefit from 'Yeast-Vite'? If so, and you would like some, please help yourself from my bottle." Of course, I was delighted and the whole room full of people were soon talking of "Yeast-Vite." The dose I had from the lady soon put me steady and I journeyed home without a headache.

I cannot enumerate all the people I have spoken to about "Yeast-Vite" Tablets.

"Husband's Influenza"

My husband found relief when he had influenza a week or so back.

It was "Yeast-Vite" that gave him sleep when one night he lay all night unable to sleep. I knew they would do him good and persuaded him to try just one dose, which he did. The next morning his temperature was normal. He had slept well and when he awoke he spoke of how fresh he felt. He has mentioned "Yeast-Vite" to many people and of the good it did him.

"Friend's Headache & Debility"

I had a friend come to see me one day and he began to speak of the various remedies for headache, and how his wife had used so many that he would not allow her to take any more. I told him of "Yeast-Vite" Tablets and he wouldn't believe they could benefit her, but when my husband said how I had been, he said he would get her to try them. He did, and the result was not merely relief, but they completely banished her headaches and debility.

"Advice To All Women"

I fully recommend all women to take "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. They are wonderful and I can never speak too highly of them. Only women like myself, a woman with a family demanding all her energies, know the real benefit of keeping absolutely fit in mind and body to be able to meet all emergencies.

Forgive me if I tire you, but I had to write to you. Again expressing my gratitude.

I am, yours truly, J. S., N. Devon.

Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

J.B.L.3

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